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Postage all over the world, 1d.

**OUR
MESSAGE
TO
YOU**

See page 14

JOHN BULL

TWOPENCE

OVER A MILLION CERTIFIED SALE

Defeat!

RHEUMATISM
GOUT, LUMBAGO
SCIATICA and
all URIC ACID
COMPLAINTS

Quickly & Effectively

**RECENT
TESTIMONY
FROM A
GRATEFUL
SUFFERER.**

London, N.W.1.

Dear Sir,—I have had Rheumatism on and off for over two years with most awful pains, so bad, in fact, that I dare not put my feet to the floor, having tried no end of oils, liniments and numerous other so-called "cures," and all to no avail. It is only eight weeks ago since taking Urace Tablets, I am only into my third box now, and I am able to take quite a long walk daily and without use of my stick.

Yours truly,
A. BARNSBY.



Urace Tablets give speedy relief and lasting ease from the racking pains of Rheumatism, Gout, Lumbago, Sciatica and all Uric Acid complaints. Quickly stop the pangs of Nervous Headache, Neuralgia and all nerve pains.

Urace Tablets are prepared by fully qualified chemists and contain no harmful or injurious drugs whatever. A very effective remedy, tested and proved by countless sufferers, whose thankful testimony, constantly being received, fully endorses all we claim for Urace Tablets, if taken as directed.

Get your supply now and stop your suffering.

**URACE
TABLETS**
CONQUER ALL PAINS

1/3, 3/- & 5/- PER BOX From Boots, Timothy White Co., Taylor's, Selfridge's, Whiteley's, Harrod's, and all Chemists and Stores, or direct for remittance from the URACE Laboratories (Dept. J.B.), 82, St. Thomas Street, London, S.E.1.



Five Boys- Best Evidence.

Mrs. Corcoran, of Leigh, Lancs., writes: "I suffered with biliousness accompanied by sick headaches for days at a time, and every medicine I tried failed to bring relief. A friend gave me some of your wonderful Carter's Little Liver Pills and the first dose gave me great relief. For three years I have taken them every night as a regulator and I find they prevent these bilious and sick headache attacks. I have five little boys and I give each one of them three or four every week so you see the great faith I have in them." The Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills in 1/3 and 3/- phials of all chemists.

GRAVES BLANKET BARGAIN

These guaranteed finest quality All Wool Yorkshire Blankets are offered at an unprecedented low price, on easy terms. Pure white with blue borders and whipped edges. With a thread of cotton in them—World's finest value. Weight: 5 lbs. pair; Size: 66 x 84 ins. 8/- now, 5/- monthly. J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

COLD ELATE PAST
A ARRAY AVAIL H
POSY SIEGE PATE
TUT CENSURE WAR
ARISE GAS ADORE
I NUDE GUARDIA
NEGRESS PUNGENT
R N SEVER I A
CABARET VASTAGE
A AMEN B LOAM N
SEVEN PAW CLEFT
SEA DERRICK ROE
ORRA LIBEL BIER
CILIAD LOGIC I
KNAP NEEDY TALC

Solution
to the
Crossword
Puzzle
published
in our last
issue

This week's
puzzle is
on page 4

THE WORLD'S GREATEST CYCLE OFFER

£10 FOR £6

The frame of the Graves 'Speed King' Cycle is rust proofed, mounted Black & Chrome Road for can be supplied all Black if desired. Fitted with B.S.A. 3-SPEED GEAR

DUNLOP Roadster Cord Tyres

RENOLD CHAIN

MIDDLEMORE'S

Three Coil Spring Saddle

Lady's or Gent's model same price.

Carriage Paid. Terms: 8/- now, & 8/- monthly. Complete Approval

Catalogues Post Free. J. G. Graves Ltd. Sheffield.



10 YEARS WARRANTY
88:8:8

"Chopping Wood in the back-yard." Time and time again this homely occupation has resulted for many of our readers in a ghastly tragedy. The latest victim is Mr. F. E. G. LETCHFORD, LITTLE SATMAR, CAPEL-LE-FERNE, Nr. Folkestone. A chip flew up striking him in the left eye, blotting out the sight for ever.

A few of the other HOME ACCIDENT BENEFITS paid this week

- | | | |
|--|---|--|
| £12 Mrs. R. LEE, Church Cottages, Long Stanton, Cambs. | £12 Mr. J. H. CLARK, 19, Good's Avenue, Buckingham Street, Holderness Road, Hull. | £12 Mrs. J. R. ROSE, 74, Canal Street, Salt-coats, Ayrshire. |
| £12 Mr. J. WILLIAMS, Tuberville Hotel, Penygraig, Rhondda. | £12 Mrs. R. MOODIE, 7, Nelson Street, Bingley, Yorks. | £12 Mrs. H. RUBY, 203, Bedford Road, Bootle, Liverpool. |
| £12 Mrs. M. BEYRON, 24, Arthur Street, Williamstown, Rhondda. | £12 Mrs. R. H. WARE, 49, Macdonald Road, Walthamstow, E. 17. | £12 Mrs. E. MORRIS, 391, Regent Street, Hall. |
| £12 Mrs. M. J. SMITH, 42, St. David Avenue, Llandudno Junction. | £12 Miss A. SLATER, 105, Glenfield Buildings, Bridge Street, Morley, Nr. Leeds. | £12 Mrs. F. S. BAKER, South View, Ashurst Wood, East Grinstead, Sussex. |
| £12 Mr. G. SAMUEL, 5, Wise Terrace, Winchester Street, Sherwood, Notts | £12 Mr. J. MUNRO, 2, Crown Place, Leith. | £12 Mrs. M. ROBERTS, 14, Manod Road, Blaenau Ffestiniog, N. Wales. |
| £12 Mr. J. WHYMARK, 51, Bourne Street, Eastbourne. | £12 Mrs. M. BORT, 3, Victoria Street, Wath Road, Mexboro. | £12 Mrs. E. SHEPARD, 12, Alderman Street, off Viaduct Street, Ardwick, Manchester. |
| £12 Mrs. M. STANBURY, 68, Riverdale Road, Erith, Kent. | £12 Mrs. F. ALDRIDGE, 153, Ada Place, Milton Street, Maidstone. | £12 Mrs. E. J. ENGLAND, Paddock Farm House, Bodicote, Nr. Banbury, Oxon. |
| £12 Mrs. A. M. SPILLING, 17, Home Street, Heigham, Norwich. | £12 Mrs. S. A. OWEN, 17, Baldwin Street, Bolton, Lancs. | £12 Mrs. E. MARCHMENT, 44, Laurel Gardens, Hanwell, W. |
| £12 Mrs. J. W. USQUHART, Station Cottages, Udry Station, Aberdeen. | £12 Mrs. V. JOHNSON, 61, Deaumont Street, Liverpool. | £12 Mrs. M. ECCLES, 10, Pechell Street, Preston, Lancs. |
| £12 Mrs. E. BOWSHILL, 52, Cromwell Road, West Croydon. | £12 Mrs. M. J. CLEMENT, 295, Everleigh Road, Battersea, S.W. 11. | £12 Mrs. C. BAILEY, 135, Cleaver Street, Burnley, Lancs. |
| £12 Mrs. E. BARNES, 65, New Road, Tugbrook, Liverpool. | £12 Mrs. F. KING, 42, Swan Street, Northampton. | £12 Mrs. M. CHURCH, 22, Macfarren Street, Longhugh, Manchester. |
| £12 Mrs. L. BUTCHER, 16, West End, March, Cambs. | £12 Mrs. A. TOWERS, 9, Percy Road, Greaves, Lancaster. | £12 Mrs. R. MILES, 2, Spring Villas, Summer-leaze, Maidenhead, Berks. |
| £12 Mrs. E. HOUGHTON, 8, Woolston Road, Butlocks Heath, Netley, Hants. | £12 Mrs. A. NIXON, 6, Lincoln Street, Brightside, Sheffield. | £12 Mrs. R. M. BESTLEY, 60, Camberwell Grove, London, S.E. 5. |

OUT HERE.

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."
To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name.....Age.....
in full, (CAPITAL LETTERS.)

Address

Reader's Signature.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

Date.....

Use 1d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent in 1d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 16/4/37.

OUT HERE.

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature

Address

Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 16/4/37.

JOHN BULL Pen Coupon—Value 2/-

This Coupon will be accepted as 2d. in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/- Lever Self-Filler Pen with which is presented FREE a 2/6 Ever-Pointed Pencil. Additional Coupons in any number up to five (six in all), ANY DATE, may be cut from "John Bull" and will be accepted in part payment. Thus you may send six Coupons and p.o. for 4/6 (which includes postage and insurance). Pocket Cl'p, 5d. extra. Cross cheque/p.o. "J. & Co." and make payable to "John Bull." State if fine-medium-broad nib required.

JOHN BULL, Pen Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

JOHN BULL'S GREAT EASTER OFFER!

2/6
'EVERPOINTED' PENCIL
FREE!

Write on line below name or initials you desire engraved on Pen.

As a Special Easter Gift, in addition to presenting a 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil with each 5/- "John Bull" Pen, we will ENGRAVE YOUR NAME IN GOLD ON THE PEN FREE between now and the 28th April. Money returned if not satisfied.

YOUR NAME
ENGRAVED
FREE!

SPRATT'S PATENT LIMITED,
24-5, Fenchurch St.,
London, E.C.3.

Look for the trade-mark X
on every biscuit.



Once a poor
decrepit pup
-NOW- the
holder of a CUP

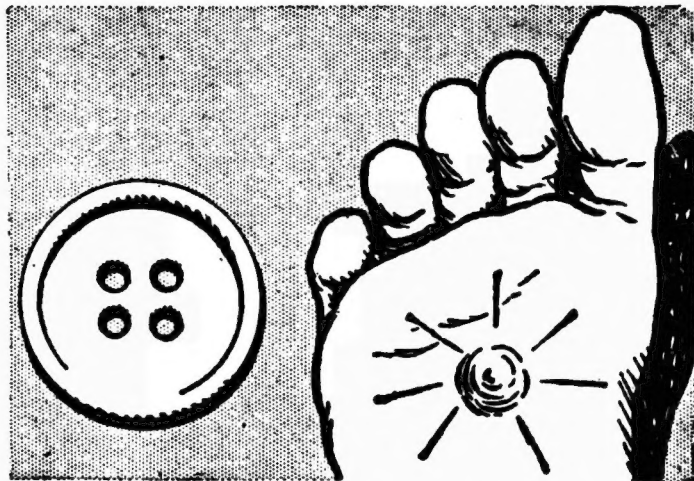
Whether you call your dog "Jack" or "Spud" or "Champion First-class Highness of Doggyville de Luxe"—matters not at all. The foods he needs are just the same.

Although pedigrees may differ, your dog—and everybody else's dog—comes from the same stock.

And he owns the same constitution as the finest pedigree blue-blooded aristocrat in the land.

That constitution demands meat and cereal ingredients in the correct form and proportion, and millions of happy healthy doggies testify to the fact that the finest of all foods are—

**SPRATT'S
MEAT FIBRINE
DOG CAKES**



Corns as big as buttons

Removed at first soaking

No matter how long you may have suffered from corns, or how deeply embedded they may have become, Radox Bath Salts will remove them without trouble and without pain. To cut a corn is but to prune it, and for the temporary relief you suffer increased agony a little later. A Radox footbath is the certain way to be rid of a corn. Read what this Radox user says:

"As an agricultural labourer I have suffered agonies, and have tried all sorts of so-called cures. . . . We got a packet of Radox, and the result was marvellous. The first soaking fetched out two large corns that nothing else would touch. One is about half-an-inch round, and stood out from the foot a good quarter inch—like a button." A. L.

When you put your feet into a footbath containing Radox, the Salts soften the hard outer layers of the corn and the oxygen which Radox liberates enters the pores, opens them and penetrates further and further, carrying the corn-softening salts right to the root of the corn, which is thus loosened so that it can be lifted out bodily. The life-giving oxygen leaves the feet clean and healthy. Since it is the oxygen which carries the corn-solvents to the root of the corn, and since Radox liberates, by test, more oxygen than any other salts on the market, it is obvious that Radox is more efficient in removing corns than any other salts. Ask for Radox at your chemist, price 1/6 per 1/2 lb. Pink Packet. 2/6 double quantity.

1/6
Half Pound
Pink Packet

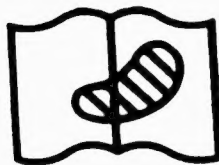
Radox Bath Salts

GIVE YOUR FEET THAT "KRUSCHEN FEELING."

It's
BETTER
to buy

CAPSTAN
NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

W. D. & H. O. WILLS, Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. C.C.43W.



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A Perfect Postal Section for Bargain Hunters

PAY FOR YOUR NEW SUIT AS YOU WEAR IT

Gent's Suits made to measure in the latest styles of cloth, perfectly tailored. Pay 5/- down and the rest in easy monthly instalments until you have paid in all **52/6**

Before placing your order elsewhere write for Patterns. Catalogue and simple self-measurement form.

J. B. THORNE & CO.
38, LANCAN ST., LONDON, W.I.



THIS IS THE MOST WONDERFUL GRAMOPHONE BARGAIN OFFER EVER MADE. A British-made Hornless Gramophone with polished Oak Cabinet, powerful & silent motor, 10in. Turntable, natural tone reproducer, and FIVE magnificent Records (10 Selections), at the unprecedented low price of **43/0/0**

TERMS: Send 5/- now, and 11 monthly payments of 5/- Full Cash Approval. Illustrated Catalogue Post Free.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

GRAVES GRAMOPHONES

GRAVES WIRELESS BARGAIN

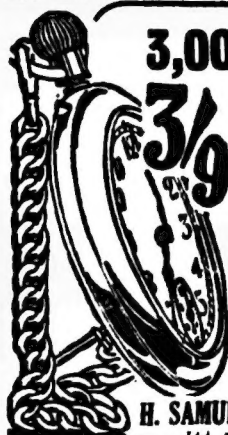
This highly efficient 2-Valve Loud Speaker Set is the finest Wireless Value ever offered.

Volume quality of tone unsurpassed. Simplicity itself. Coils for all British wave-lengths. CABINET of polished Oak, and components of highest quality. Full Emitter Valves, with patent valve holders, v.c. H.T. Battery, -volt accumulator and complete Aerial Outfit. Loud Speaker of exclusive design with improved mica diaphragm.

27 : 17 : 6

Terms: 10/6 now, 10/6 Monthly. Write for Illustrated Catalogue Post Free.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. Sheffield



3,000 FACTORY PRICE BARGAINS

Beautiful Rings, Bangles, Pendants, Watches, &c. —examples of the money you save by buying from the Empire's largest Jewel Factory illustrated in H. Samuel's

BIG FREE BOOK!

Send a postcard for it now! FREE PRIZES FOR ALL BUYERS!! This fine Nickelled Watch fully warranted **3/9** Post free

ONE PAYMENT ONLY. With handsome chain 4/6 Write now to: **H. SAMUEL** (Dept. 190), Market St., Manchester.

STYLISH LOUNGE SUITS

FINEST VALUE IN THE TRADE.

7/6 NOW Our simple self-measurement form enables you to furnish us with your correct measures, and we guarantee to supply a stylish well-fitting garment.

We deliver the Graves 50/- suit to approved orders for 7/6 with order. Balance in monthly payments, if satisfied. Money refunded if disappointed.

Patterns Post Free. Send post card for patterns cut from actual cloth lengths from which suits are made. Prices from 50/-

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.



FINEST VALUE SEMI-FOLDING BABY-CAR.

The Graves Semi-Folding Car is the embodiment of Lightness, Strength and Comfort. It has Tubular Handle & Steel Frame enamelled Black, well padded seat & adjustable back, draught-proof sides, and stout leather safety strap. Upholstered in best quality Navy Blue leather cloth. Ten-inch wheels & a wire-on rubber Tyres. Price **32/-**

Delivered carriage paid to approved orders for 4/- Balance in 7 weekly payments of 4/- if satisfied. Money back in full if you are at all disappointed

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE. Folding Frame & Baby Carriages. Finest value in trade

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

15' PER ROLL OF
81 SQ. FEET
ARTOLEUM
BETTER THAN LINOLEUM

Artoleum is rot, damp, and germ proof; made in lovely colours and patterns; cheaper and better than linoleum. Wears and washes well; polishes easily. Artoleum is the world's best floor covering sold at manufacturer's prices.

WRITE FOR PATTERNS AND FREE SAMPLES TO **J. LLOYD'S**

103, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C.I.

GRAVES BARGAIN BEDDING SALE

World's Finest Value. 1pr All-Wool Blankets; 1pr White Fleecy Blankets; 1pr Unbleached Towels; 2 White Pillow Cases; 1 White Bolster Case; 1 Alhambra Quilt; 1 Lovely Wadded Quilt. All double bed size. Price **64 : 10 : 0**

TERMS: Send 10/- now. 10/- Monthly. 5% Discount for cash. Catalogue Post Free.

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FREEMANS
Celebrated
SPARE TIME AGENCY
CASH OR CREDIT
LAVENDER HILL, LONDON.

Boots, Gent's and Ladies' Clothing, Suits, Coats, Costumes & Underwear, Carpets, Linoleum, Drapery, Gramophones, Wireless, Bicycles, Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, China, Toys, Baby Carriages, etc.

Men in regular employment appointed as Agents.

Largest stock in the trade. Liberal supply of samples. Highest Commission paid.

NO OUTLAY. ALL PROFIT. Enquiries for Agency Invited.

SHEFFIELD CUTLERY SERVICE

WORLD'S FINEST VALUE.

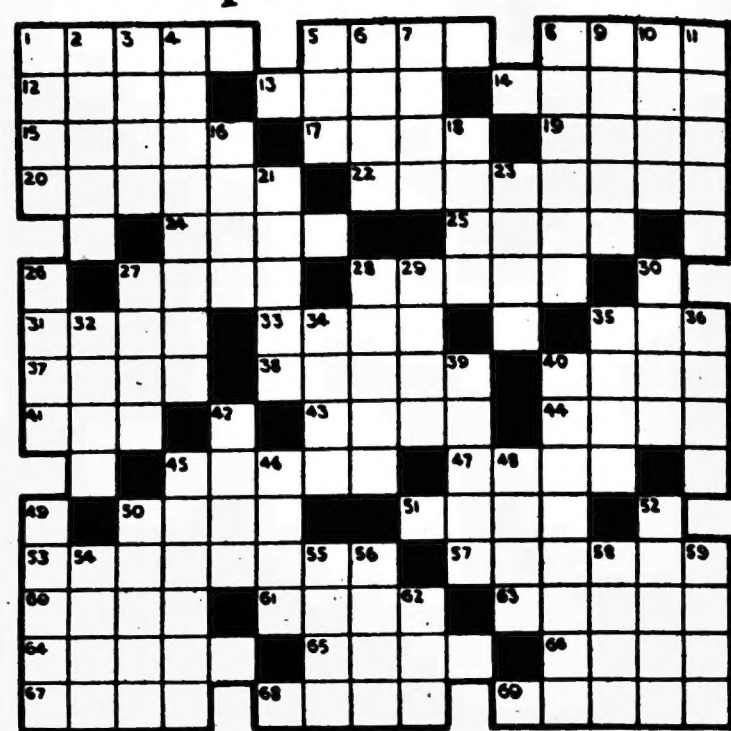
1pr Double Shear Steel Carvers, 1pr Forks & 6 Stainless Steel Forks & 6 Stainless Steel Knives & 6 Stainless Steel Dessert Knives, 1pr Trained Handies, 2 Table Spoons & 2 Dessert Spoons, 6 Tea Spoons & 6 Tea Spoons & 6 Table Forks, 6 Dessert Forks, 1 Sugar Spoon, 1pr Butter Tongs, 1 Jam Spoon, 1 Salt Spoon, all of Columbian Silver which were white throughout. **50 pieces 50/-**

TERMS: 5/- now & 5/- Monthly. 10% discount allowed for cash. Complete approval at home.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE **J. G. GRAVES Ltd. Sheffield.**

Our Cross-Word Corner

For Spare Moments



CLUES DOWN

1. To pierce.
2. A Mongolian.
3. Highest point.
4. A sentry.
5. Small-squart sound.
6. Actor's part.
7. Spoken.
8. A salt-spring.
9. Sun-dried brick.
10. Gull's flesh.
11. Finished.
16. Wrong.
18. Pleasant.
21. A running knot.
23. An entrance.
26. Killed.
27. The rainbow.
28. A collection of visible vapour.
29. Tear.
30. Immersion in water.
32. Egg-shaped.
34. Catholic ecclesiastic.
35. Small rodents.
36. To strip off.
39. Long for.
40. To abuse.
42. A jacket.
45. Respectable.
46. Slender.
48. As small as possible.
49. A lance.
50. A stone-worker.
52. A puzzle.
54. Wrath.
55. Promontory.
56. Dash.
58. To be delicious.
59. Past tense of "to be".
62. Terminal.

CLUES ACROSS

1. Shatter.
5. Poke.
8. Put by.
12. Kind of shark.
13. Improved.
14. Loaded.
15. Middleman.
17. Scheme.
19. Burden.
20. Derbyshire Spa.
22. Suitable.
24. A mineral.
25. For the bad boy.
27. Preposition.
28. Mediterranean island.
31. Learning.
33. Auction.
35. To plan.
37. Ill.
38. Hard black wood.
40. Tiny creature.
41. Part of the verb "to be."
43. Town in Cornwall.
44. A pain.
45. Given medicine.
47. Skillful.
50. A repeat.
51. To move fast.
53. Custom.
57. Of little breadth.
60. Comfort.
61. Masculine.
63. Annoy.
64. Extreme pain.
65. A panel.
66. To assert.
67. A schism.
68. To go.
69. French unit for solid measure.

The solution of last week's Cross-word Puzzle is on page 2.

BEST DIET ADVICE.

Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane has demonstrated the vital importance of proper diet in the maintenance of health, and as a remedy for illness.

Everyone who would appreciate a little free advice and guidance on this very important subject should write to the great diet expert, Mr. EUSTACE MILES (Dept. D.B.J.), 40, Chandos Street, London, W.C.2.

Mention any ailments and give FULL DETAILS of all foods and drinks at each meal.

Write name and address in CAPITALS, and enclose 1d. stamp for postage.

When Children Cough

When you hear that warning croupy cough, rub Musterole over the child's throat and chest. Don't give the trouble chance to develop.

This clean, white ointment, made with oil of mustard, speedily relieves the congestion, loosens the cough.

Use Musterole for colds and all forms of congestion.

BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER



2% NOW
and THE BIKE IS YOURS

Write for LISTS **FREE LAMP & BELL**

I OFFER to readers of "John Bull" first-class Coventry - built cycles at POUNDS BELOW last year's prices.

Absolutely GENUINE REDUCTIONS have been made in thousands of brand new, fully guaranteed 1927 Models, any of which I will send on **14 DAYS' APPROVAL, CARRIAGE PAID**, on receipt of small deposit only.

Testimonials from everywhere in Great Britain. Satisfaction or money refunded. MY FREE LISTS will convince you, so write NOW for a copy and CHOOSE YOUR CYCLE FROM THE LARGEST SELECTION IN THE WORLD.

Edw. **O'Brien Ltd.**
THE WORLD'S LARGEST CYCLE DEALER, DERBY COVENTRY.

You pay **2% WEEKLY** AFTER YOU RECEIVE THE BIKE.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MONEY-MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers and Beginners. — Sell manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples in General Drapery much below ordinary price. Big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free. — Wolfson's Warehouse, 48, Thomas Street, Manchester.

A.B.C. GUIDE to Remnant and Drapery Trade free. Worth pounds, valuable hints. Mass money selling hints. Towels, Tabling, Travelers' Samples, etc. Send p.c. to-day for Catalogue and full particulars. — Cochrane's Wholesale Warehouse, 5, Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

DRAPERY (Wholesale), all descriptions, also remnant, parcels from 21. List free. — H.iggs (Dept. B.), High Street, Manchester.

RETAILERS, Marketmen and Beginners, don't delay writing for our free Illustrated Catalogue containing bargains in all classes of Drapery goods. — S. Mosco (Dept. J.B.), 8, Lever Street, Manchester.

CHEAPEST Wholesale House for Beginners for drapery, hosiery, boots, clothing, etc. Send for free cat. — H. Marks, 68, Houndsditch, E.1.

WHOLESALE DRAPERY. Our new Spring Catalogue is now available free on application. Full of wonderful lines. See for yourself. Advice book 3d. stamps to cover postage. — M. Rosen, Dept. 6, 69, Piccadilly, Manchester.

FINES. Buy direct from mills. Flanellettes, 1/7 per lb. Quality guaranteed. — Howard H. Harrison, Littlefield Mills, Wardle, Rochdale.

DRAPERY BEGINNERS. Buy from cheapest Wholesale House 1927 Cat. Free. — H. Simpson (J.B.), Warehouseman, 77, Gathorne Terr., Leeds.

MARKET MEN AND SHOPKEEPERS, etc., send 10/- or 21 for large sample assorted parcels of Hosiery, Smallware, Fancy Goods, etc., including Price List. — Harry Bolland, Direct Importer, 414, Tong Street, Bradford.

AGENTS WANTED.

BRITISH WORKMEN. — No independent of strikes, lock-outs and unemployment. — Write Freeman's, 103, Lavender Hill, London, for particulars of how to secure a separate income without expense or outlay.

EARN 22 to 25 weekly. Run a Bed-clothing club amongst friends. No outlay. Parties free. — Cottage Mills Co., 11, Birstall, Leeds.

EARN 23 to 25 weekly. Run Bed-clothing clubs amongst friends. NO OUTLAY. Parties free. — Cottage Mills Co., Dept. M., Birstall, Leeds.

EMPLOYMENT.

KNITTERS wanted to work Golden Fleece Knitting Machines at home; guaranteed wage for output, experience not necessary. Send 1d. stamp for prospectus. — S. B. M. Co., Dept. 120, 91, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.1.

MOTOR DRIVERS WANTED. Smart young men can qualify now for well-paid positions in the Motor Trade.

ENTRANCE FROM A LETTER JUST RECEIVED FROM THE SECRETARY OF AN OLD COMRADES' ASSOCIATION.

"You will be pleased to know that the four of our members who took your Standard course during the last twelve months are all in good positions. Two of them have written to me to say that had it not been for their training at the British School of Motoring they would not have been so fortunate."

"We will not hesitate in future to recommend our members who are leaving the Service to avail themselves of the solid advantage to be gained by attending the British School of Motoring."

The original may be seen at the Head Office. Call or write for full particulars.

BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING, LTD., Head Office (only address): 5, COVENTRY ST., PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W.1

PART-TIME AGENCY. — Splendid opportunity offered persons in regular employment to sell Clothing, Boots, Drapery, etc. Cash or credit. Liberal com. — J. Hott (Dept. J.), 1, Paradise Lane, Blackburn.

A GOOD Position as Sales-Representative is waiting for you. The offer of one is guaranteed after tuition in Salesmanship by a unique method. Men who have taken advantage of this training are now earning from 25 to 220 per week. — Send for particulars and credentials to Salesmanship, Ltd., 56, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

£150-£300 SALARY for Certificated Bookkeepers. Postal tuition 10/- month. Post found when qualified, or fee refd. Booklet, tests, free. — City Correspondence College, (D.B.), 89, New Oxford Street, London.

TREMENDOUS PROFITS IN SWEETS. Sweetmaking taught protection by (all branches). Wonderful new system. No special appliances (except thermometer), kitchen utensils only. Opportunities city or country. 2d. stamp booklet. — Dept. J.B., LIBERTY CANDY CO., Summit House, Langham Place, Regent St., London, W.1.

AGENTS WANTED. — Good commission. No outlay. Men in regular work to sell in spare time Ladies' and Gent's Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Drapery, etc., for cash or Easy Terms. — Parties from Dept. B., John Perry and Co. (City), Ltd., 5, Pancras Lane, Queen Street, Chesham, Bucks, E.C.4.

KNITTERS wanted to work Imperia Knitting Machines at home; experience unnecessary. We guarantee to buy your work at good rates. Write for Free Book. — Imperia Hosiery Mfg. Co., Ltd. (Dept. 62), 97, Gray's Inn Road, London.

LEARN to write Advertisements and earn big income. Unique offer to those writing for our free book "Advertising as a Career." — Dixon Inst. of Advertising, Dept. 21, 195, Oxford Street, W.1.

50 BOYS wanted, 17-19. Free Training on Church Army Para Qualifiers for 22 fare to Canada. — Captain Simpson, 55, Bryanston Street, W.1.

WIRELESS. From 25 to 112 a week can be earned by competent men able to act as full or part-time representatives for well-known wireless manufacturers. Applicants must have knowledge of wireless installation and be able to furnish proof references. An excellent opportunity for highly remunerative work for enthusiastic men. Applications will be treated in confidence. Write Box 100, J. M. Walker & Co., Aldwych House, Aldwych, W.C.2.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES, SERVICES.

START a business in Drapery, etc., from 21 upwards. Special attention to Widows and Beginners. Write for advice and list B. to Levanne (Dept. J.B.), 143, Houndsditch, E.1.

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Prepaid Rate: 9s. per line averaging six words. Minimum Charge, 27s.

Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

PRINTING. — 10,000 Handbills or Billheads at 3/3 per 1,000. Memos, Postcards, Duplicate Books, etc. Big range of samples, 3d. postage. — Mead and Son, Room 60, Sandy, Beds.

FREE. — New list of printing for Shows, Sports, Fêtes, Ballies, etc. — Stafford and Co., Ltd., Netherfield, Nottingham.

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GRAMOPHONES, 24/-; motors, 9/-; accessories, Violins, Accordions, cheapest. 64-page list, 3d. How to make Gramos. — Regentbull, 120, Old Street, London, E.C.1.

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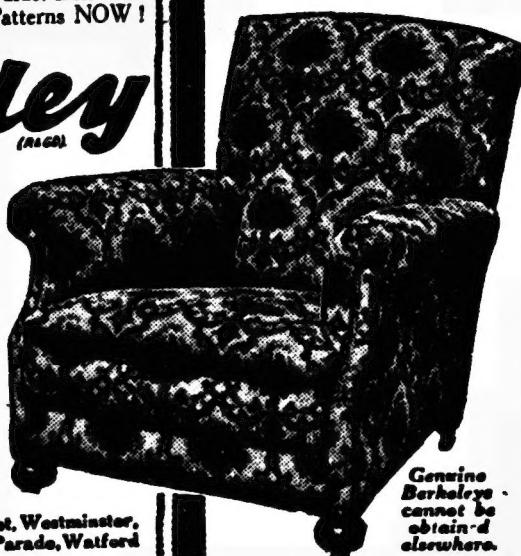
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BLUSHING, NERVOUSNESS. — A remarkable book on genuine cure sent privately, 3d. — Mr. Rivers (J.B.32), 40, Lamb's Conduit St., W.C.1.

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HIGHEST prices paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Gold, Silver, Scrap, Coins, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Post or call. — M. Benson & Co., 333, Oxford St., London.

ANY kind old gold, silver, jewellery, diamonds, old false teeth, platinum scrap, bought. Highest cash by return. — Bell's, Upperhead Rd., Leeds.

MISCELLANEOUS.

64-PAGE book about herbs and how to use them. 2d. Send for one. — TAIMNELL, The Herbalist, 144, Richmond Rd., Can. dist. Est. 1879.

SINGLE GIRLS' CRAVING. — A human article by T. B. Partington on the yearnings that lie in the heart of every maiden. See this week's "HEALTH AND STRENGTH," 3d. all newswagents, or 4d. post free from J. B. Burt, 54, Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4.

SEE BRITAIN FIRST. There is much to be said in favour of spending one's holiday without crossing the Channel. Here in this country of ours are beauties of scene and places of historical interest that are unrivalled, but neither as fully known nor appreciated as they deserve. The open road invites you to better your knowledge, and the cyclist in particular is free to choose his goal and take his time in arriving there.

The joys of cycling still endure, for health comes with exercise and pleasure with companionship. Fifty years ago the Humber Cycle was the pride of the road, and the high reputation for quality and craftsmanship then gained is maintained to this day. There is a model to suit every rider, every age and every purse. Send P.C. for catalogue to Humber, Ltd., Coventry.

A WONDERFUL BOOK has been published by the RUDGE WHITEWORTH CO., LTD., which contains a large amount of helpful and interesting information about Rudge Motor-Cycles.

The book does not alone confine itself to details of interest to users of Rudge Motor-Cycles, but possesses charts and maps (in sections) of the most important roads through the length and breadth of the British Isles; much of this information is vital to any Motor-Cyclist of to-day, and a limited edition of the "Rudge Book of the Road," the title of the book, can be obtained free of charge by applying to any authentic Rudge Dealer.

IF YOU HAVE a boy, a nephew, a grandson, or are interested in a neighbour's boy, then you will find the B.D.V. advertisement on page 23 of considerable interest.

LADIES' Art Silk Dresses in all colours, 4s. 11d. each. — Fox's Hosiery Stores, 241, Grayham Road, Hackney, London.

LIVESTOCK, POULTRY, ETC.

SPECIAL OFFER. — Talking Parrots with Cages from 50/-. Singing Canaries 15/-. 3 months' trial. — List fr. Chapmans, 17, Tottenham Court Road, London.

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DOGS.

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The Looming Challenge.

The talk of the Government springing a General Election on the Trade Union Bill is not so wild as our contributor Mr. A. G. Gardiner infers. The tacticians are thinking of China, too.

Election Brew.

The notion is to work up a sort of "khaki" election, with a revival of a general "Beware the Reds" appeal.

An "Open Secret."

The inner history of the negotiations over the Nanking outrages is that the British Government was saved from a ghastly blunder by the refusal of the United States and Japan to join in an "ultimatum" to anybody.

The Cabinet Crew.

In the Councils on China (and some home matters) the absence of the Earl of Balfour and Viscount Cecil has been felt. The Cabinet "Peace Party" has not the most heads—though it certainly has the best brains.

The Geneva Spirit.

Sir Austen Chamberlain merits the respect of all Parties for the firmness with which he has resisted attempts to push him into extreme measures in regard to China. Some people learnt nothing by the last war.

Sliding Down.

The slump in the yield of the income-tax is more than the result of industrial strife. We are in a vicious circle. Industry is throttled by taxation, and individuals are earning less.

Killing the Goose.

Never, even in old and evil days, have citizens been taxed as in this country. Yet, instead of easing up, the burden is increased. This is the short, sharp way to ruin.

Misleading.

Tory grumblers are even louder than others. But to prate of lopping off this department and rationing the other is mere sound and fury. The only sound economy to afford substantial relief is the reduction of armaments.

Far or Near.

In the first three months of this year the British and Canadian Governments paid four-fifths of the cost of conveying 10,243 British settlers to Canada. There's land needing settlers within a five-shilling railway fare at home. Lots of people could gladly find the fare. But the Government won't free the land.

The Wrong Kind of Export.

Failure to tackle unemployment not only produces vast misery—it's bad business. Last year 8,676 of our skilled men in the metal and engineering trades went oversea.

Our Opinion.

"Having regard to the high level at which prices of building materials are maintained," says the Ministry of Health, "further investigation is called for." What is really called for is not investigation but action.

A Feeble Effort.

The timid tinkering text of the Landlord and Tenant Bill does little to redress the solid grievances of leaseholders. The whole system of land tenure is wrong, and no Party in power has yet shown the courage to tackle it.

The Cost.

In 1919-20, Poor Law relief in England and Wales amounted to £4,109,278. Rising yearly, by 1925-26 it had reached £15,326,742. After that the people who think of war are lunatics, and should be incarcerated.

The Bainbridge Boast.

The lowest poor rate in England is levied by Bainbridge, Wensleydale, guardians. It is 2½d. in the pound. Bainbridge isn't a very populous district, but those who are there aren't divorced from mother earth, and that explains it.

JOHN BULL

IMPORTANT NOTICE!

PLEASE note that next week's JOHN BULL, owing to the Easter Holidays, will be on sale on

THURSDAY

instead of Wednesday. This alteration in the day of sale will apply to next week's issue only.

Remember to get your copy of next week's JOHN BULL on

THURSDAY, APRIL 21.

A Sad Portent.

Middlesex County Council, faced with the care of 4,000 mental patients, is building a whole "town" to house them at a cost of £80,000. What an argument for teaching sex hygiene.

Easy Running.

The Conservative Chief Whip is "quite satisfied" with conditions which disfranchise 35,000 voters of Bosworth by their M.P.'s absence from Parliament. Why doesn't he ask the voters if they're satisfied? Daren't he?

To the Fallen.

Splendid memorial gates over the main road from Ypres will have cut in the stone work the names of 58,000 British who died in that inferno. Now let us remember the thousands who did not die. They still stand at the gates of the living asking for work.

Much Needed.

That local authorities shall form panels of solicitors willing to give free advice to first offenders is one of the provisions of the First Offenders Defence Bill. It must pass.

Happiness Helps Life.

London hospitals are discovering that pretty colours, light and flowers make it easier for men, women and children to get well. Given these things instead of slums there wouldn't be so many sick needing help.

Ill-balanced.

The committee set up to enquire into the working of the Shops (Early Closing) Acts consists of thirteen men, a man secretary, and two women. That is not enough.

As a Proof.

In the drapery trade alone, there are 62,000 men and 150,000 women. That only two women are deemed necessary to enquire into their conditions points to a loose screw.

A Way to the West.

Eighteen accidents last month occurred on one three-mile stretch of the Great West Road. What more evidence do the authorities need before they make it safe?

Is it a Policy?

From end to end of the country roads want attention. Why we keep men on the "dole" instead of setting them to this work is one of the puzzles of the century.

The Friendly Move.

When the word "Boche" appeared on a French film the police ordered its removal. Abusive terms are no part of peace, and Franco has sense enough to know it.

Bumbledom.

The Commissioners who have superseded Bedwellty Board of Guardians have scored an economic triumph. As the English meat for the kiddies was costing 1s. a pound, foreign at 1½d. a pound is to be substituted!

The Miner's Lot.

Arthur Baker and William Dury, both married men and fathers, have been killed by falls of roof in Newbury Pit, near Radstock. Stanley Widcombe, captain of Coleford football team, trying to rescue, hurt a finger and had to have it amputated. That is the real price of coal.

To Know is to Pity.

Mr. D. Jeffrey Williams, of Pontardulais, is gathering data regarding conditions of pit ponies and horses. Pit ponies can be superseded by mechanical haulage—whenever public opinion is ready.

His Job.

The chief occupation of the employment exchanges nowadays is the paying out of the "dole." We remind the Minister of Labour that his primary function is to find employment.

"Present!"—On Pay Day.

Twice in two days the House of Commons was counted out—not forty Members present out of 615. Is it permissible to ask on what grounds some of them take their salaries?

That's the Stuff!

When Leslie Buckle, a married man, molested a young woman at Bedford, she turned and pommelled him so thoroughly that he fled. We congratulate this spirited girl who effectually proved once again that a bully is generally a coward also.

A Fine Example.

Out of the total profits made by the firm of Messrs. Reckitt and Sons, Ltd., £80,000 has been allocated as employees' prosperity bonus, and £50,000 added to the fund from which they will draw pensions. It is a fine example to other employers, and one calculated to create an unbreakable bond of good will for capital and labour.

Good Business.

It is more fitting that ex-Service men should be financially helped if necessary than that there should be a display of bombs, medals, helmets and the paraphernalia of war. We congratulate the Scunthorpe District Councillors who have found purchasers for the local war relics and are giving the money to the ex-Servicemen's war memorial fund.

A Grasping Nun.

Jane Burke is the owner of a stable at Ashton-under-Lyne. It has been converted into a two-room dwelling, and the rent she demands for it is 15s. She also owns a caravan, and lets it to a poor family for 12s. a week. Jane wears the dress of a religious order of women, but Judge Burgess suggests that she is an extortioner. And he is a very good judge.

A Deplorable Fact.

The society formed for the purpose of restoring beauty to the Black Country by planting over the dumps of shale has been dissolved. Their efforts were fruitless. Every tree, bush or flower was ruthlessly cut or dug up by members of the public. The secret lies in the elementary schools. Children are not yet taught to appreciate beauty, nor to preserve wild life in its natural haunts.

The Latest Excuse.

William Macklen, of Masbro Road, Hammersmith, said he found that use of foreign coal was liable to make his loaves of bread short in weight. He would have been wiser to have erred on the side of generosity and ensured their being too big. By doing so he would have avoided the £10 fine, which has been rightly imposed on him for selling fifteen loaves 1½ oz. short.

The Receivers.

We agree with the Hull Stipendiary, who refused to allow the costs of witnesses who had bought vests at sixpence each and stockings at threepence a pair from John Glover, who had stolen these articles from a railway warehouse. Common-sense should have told these bargain-hunters that the goods must have been stolen or the result of sweated labour to be marketed at these prices.

Animals' Friend.

Rowland Owen is a chauffeur by profession. He is also a mountaineer, for, lowered 30 ft. by a rope, he crouched on a perilous position over a 200 ft. precipice at Conway. By enticing a sheep and its lamb which had strayed there, and roping them both to be drawn up, he proved himself to be also a great humanitarian. We congratulate Mr. R. Brown on having him for a servant.

The Wrong Job.

Considering that Ronald Raper, of Worsborough Bridge, was an agricultural pupil for three years, he should have known better than to send a tuberculous cow to market and fail to report it when it was returned to him. For this offence he has been fined £10 and another £5 for chaining a dog to a kennel and giving it insufficient food and water. Raper is only twenty-two, but farming is the last thing he should have taken up if he cannot treat animals properly. Also he has to learn that he cannot put money into his pocket at the expense of public health.

Guilo's Guile.

Andrew de Guilo, of Fulham Palace Road, had a fruit-stall in Portobello Road, and was adding to his capital by giving customers from 14½ to 15 ounces to the pound. A £5 fine has wiped off part of his ill-gotten gains. The wily Guilo's dodge was a bit of lead tied on to the customer's pan of the scales. He is the kind of street trader we can do without.

Heroes Honoured.

The heroism displayed by the rescue party in the Deptford shaft disaster in January, when five men lost their lives, has been officially honoured by the award of the Edward Medal to George Thorpe, George Gaunt, Thomas Taylor and John Perkins. These gallant workmen went to the aid of their mates in a way that was a credit to the highest traditions of courage. They belong to the aristocracy of heroes, and are a credit to the nation.

The Object-lesson.

The futility of prison as a cure for crime was never more startlingly revealed than in the case of Jack Devaney, a painter, sentenced at Old Bailey to four years' penal servitude. Although but thirty-two, he admits over fifty offences, and in every interval of prison goes up and down the country leaving a trail of theft, forgery and fraud behind him. The only cure for such a rascal is useful work and no food until he has earned it by his sweat.

The Double Rescue.

Splendid in resourcefulness is Mr. George Walker, who as a result of his daring in rescuing two drowning children had to take to his bed. He and his two chums were engaged in shunting operations at Reading when they heard screams from the river far below. Rushing down the embankment at top speed Walker reached the children, but only after superhuman exertion did he get them to the bank. A very gallant gentleman in a very gallant deed.

The Human Machine**Spring Fever**

by E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

IF you are a normal healthy person, these are the days when you will find a strange restlessness creeping into your blood.

You will feel energy stirring and tickling in body and brain, moving and flowing as the sap moves, and rises in the trees and the plants.

Spring fever will have you in its grip—and what are you going to do about it?

"There is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune"—and if you treat your spring fever aright it may well prove to be that tide.

Bright sunshine and the warm fresh air have a wonderfully stimulating effect on the mind as well as the body. You feel you can "do things" in spring!

Your brains teem with thoughts, with plans and schemes for the future. Seize hold of them with both hands and hang on tight!

THE energy that comes with the spring sunshine is a vast mine of material if it is properly worked.

It is a crime to let it bubble away in restless and unsatisfied longings. It is as foolish as allowing a powerful machine to roar away and race itself to pieces doing nothing.

Take your spring fever in hand and use it deliberately and purposefully to overcome the obstacles that had previously seemed insurmountable.

And remember that as soon as the sun shines, if you will only face the sun all the shadows will fall behind you!

Official Blundering.

Twenty mining families in the Kenfig Hill area are to be evicted because of arrears of rent due to unemployment. The Ministry of Health refuses to let the guardians help, and suggests the workhouse as a remedy. If the colliery-owners would re-employ the men and deduct their rent and a weekly sum for arrears from their wages, the problem could be solved.

Mean Robbery.

George Day and David Maxwell, of West Ham, one of whom was earning good wages, showed no reluctance to obtain money from the guardians on false pretences. We do not agree with the sentence which has sent them to prison for a short term. Such offenders should, in addition, be made to pay back the money they owe out of their wages with an additional fine to help other deserving cases.

Good Lad!

Lance-Corporal Greer, of the Paisley Boys' Brigade, has been carrying "movie" exploits into real life. He raced alongside a bolting horse on his bicycle, leaped on the lorry in tow, and brought the animal to a standstill before it could reach some children coming out of school. A diploma for gallant conduct and a silver watch from the Carnegie Hero Fund will remind him that he has a high standard of courage to sustain.

The Right View.

The Manchester Education Committee is doing its best to solve the problem of the juvenile offender. Since last September sub-committees have been arranged to give a helping hand to children leaving school. Both employment is found for them and their social life given a start by introducing them to girls' and lads' clubs. Manchester is right in thinking that the adolescent state is the one when special care is necessary.

Cruel Refusal.

We think it unreasonable of the chairman and Bench of the Carmarthen County Police Court that they should refuse to grant an application made by licence-holders in the Gwerdraeth Valley to keep their shops open an extra hour to enable the eight-hour-a-day miners to have refreshment when they come up. We suggest that the sticklers for refusal should do a day's work in the mine to see if their opinions will alter.

Fine Record.

Mr. and Mrs. John Masters, of Tottenham Court Road, are not only the possessors of some valuable truths, but they have put them into practice. They realise, for instance, they must make allowances for each other's unreasonableness. They know the value of children, of which they have four surviving, and they understand the joys of home life. The result is they have survived sixty years of marriage without a quarrel. We should like to see a few more of such records.

Pity the Poor Patients.

The lot of patients at the Royal Hospital and Home for Incurables at Putney cannot of necessity be an enviable one, and why the authorities should turn down any attempt to alleviate their burdens is difficult to understand. Yet they have just refused permission for the installation of wireless sets and head-phones. They state they would only be prepared to consider portable sets, which cost much more. What has proved a boon to most other hospitals in the country should be good enough for Putney.

Russians in Clover.

Happy is the lot of sixty aliens, mostly Russian Jews, who have been kept for nearly four years at Atlantic Park, near Southampton, by the shipping companies, because the quota in the United States was full. The law does not allow them to work for a living, and they spend their time reading and strolling in order to get an appetite for their free meals. This is another example of how simple Uncle Sam handles his immigration problem in a manner more effective than the British do.

Extraordinary!

When a seaman "walked" into the Royal Hamadryad Seamen's Hospital, Cardiff, he was found to be suffering from a broken spine. Not more astonishing was the fact that when he asked to be examined at another hospital he was merely "sent on" to the Royal Hamadryad. The citizens of Cardiff, who support their local hospitals, must enquire into this callousness.

The Trier.

James Courteney, of Durham, is a down-and-out whose struggles to get a job refute the glib words of the smug who say there are jobs for all who are willing to work. Courteney has tramped the country in search of work, and was found sleeping out near Bath. He went barefoot after he had worn out his boots and socks. The magistrates promised to help him on his road to home.

A Brickworks Bounce.

As recently as February 26, we issued a warning about an offer of £10,000 debenture stock by the North Calstock Brickworks, Ltd. This stock is now being advertised in some of the London newspapers through the Building Industries Corporation, Limited, of Cannon Street, London. The issued prospectus is a highly optimistic affair, but the promise of big dividends is never likely to be realised by the unfortunate investors.

Pathetic Ending.

When the Poor Law officials broke into a little shop in Bedford, they found two sisters, named Corrie, one over sixty, the other over seventy, lying on rabbit-skins, ill and emaciated. The elder sister had even been bitten by rats, and died after being removed to an institution. Does it seem possible that during that time she had made no single friend? It is pathetic that no one cared for them because they were destitute.

Spare the Rod.

Mr. Charles Rankin, of Hull, one of the best-known probation officers in this country, does not believe that to spare the rod is to spoil the child. He states that only one juvenile offender in Hull has been whipped by a magistrate's order during the last three years, and he followed it up with offences which soon landed him in a reformatory. Whipping seldom achieves the punishment that was intended, and at certain ages of childhood is definitely harmful.

Sinner or Victim?

At Lambeth Police Court Richard Williams, accused of thefts, was set free under the Probation Act. "I would rather err on the side of leniency than of harshness," said the magistrate. Williams lost an arm in an ammunition dump explosion in Belgium, and all his means are 5s. a week from the Belgian Government. Only twenty-eight, maimed, and, say the police, "he has never been given a helping hand." Isn't it time someone held one out?

Terrible Struggle.

One of the temptations consequent on having a very small salary is to indulge in the hire-purchase system in excess. Chisholm Edward Reid, an auxiliary postman, did this and got into difficulties, to meet which he took to stealing money from postal packets. He has been fined £5 at Willesden, or a month in prison. When we know that his net earnings were only £1 7s. a week, we can agree with the magistrate that he must have had a terrible struggle for existence.

Diabolical Theft.

Sydney England, said to be an old Shrewsbury schoolboy, whose bucket-shop activities as England and Co., at Holborn Viaduct, we recently exposed, has gone from bad to worse. He and Peggy Lyon, with whom he has been living, were charged with stealing £60 from a merchant service officer who accompanied the woman to their flat. England received seventeen months' hard labour, the Recorder describing it as a diabolical form of theft and a kind of blackmail. We are glad the officer had the courage to prosecute a particularly dirty rogue.

Pestering the Poor.

Residents in the working-class district of Walthamstow are being pestered with offers of money from the People's Money Club, of Church Hill, Walthamstow. The so-called club is nothing but an old-fashioned firm of money-lenders, and should be given a wide berth.

A Dilatory Firm.

We have received many complaints of the dilatory methods of the Aymard Patent Milk Steriliser Company, of Angel Street, Hadleigh, Suffolk. After the receipt of remittances, orders have taken two, three or more months to execute. It is time they gave their business methods a spring cleaning.

Buying a Business.

W. D. S. Dunn and Co., of London Road, Liverpool, are again sending out circulars offering to aid in the purchase of businesses by advancing money at 7½ per cent. Each business must be inspected by their valuer—at the cost of the client—and this department has a much busier time than the one making advances.

Another Homework Trap.

A. Benson and Co., who formerly operated a "home agency" scheme from High Street, Croydon, are now offering homework in the making of Benson dry cells, from Leen Side, Nottingham. A fee of 10s. is first charged, after which comes a demand for £2 for materials. This offer from Leen Street is likely to give takers a lean time.

Money-making Lure.

Walker and Co., Christopher Street, London, E.C., about whose offers of large profits from deals in shares we recently had something to say, are now devoting their attention to Liverpool, where in a local paper they advertise a profit of £25 from an investment of £5. Such offers carry their own condemnation, except with the foolish and supercredulous.

A Fee-snatcher.

T. Leslie, of Kenway Road, Earl's Court, London, S.W., has recently advertised for home clerical workers. Although he states that the number of workers is strictly limited, all applicants receive offers of work in glowing terms asking for a security deposit of two guineas, "which can be paid at 10s. 6d. per week." This exploiting of the unemployed is a cruel and deplorable business.

A Queer Application.

Many poor people, including a widow to whose pathetic case we recently referred, were impoverished by the failure of the share-touting concern, the Oils and Minerals Trust, Ltd., registered in Guernsey. Mr. I. C. Ozanne was for a time its managing director. He has just applied at the Royal Court for an eviction order against the company as occupiers of his premises. The Bailiff, in adjourning the hearing for two months, said he did not feel sure they had got to the bottom of the whole matter. We share his views.

Frantic Faith-healing.

We do not wish to condemn faith healing, but we think it pernicious that men like Pastor George Jeffreys should be allowed to hold a service, where after working up their emotions by fervid hymn-singing, he touches some thirty afflicted and mostly aged men and women on the forehead, and sends them away to dream of benefit to come. The inevitable disappointment that must be the lot of most of them, added to the reaction that follows on feelings wrought to the pitch of hysteria, must be cruel to bear and should never have been caused.

**500
"EASTER
EGGS!"**

£500 may be yours for a "Bullet" this week—and there are 499 other "Easter Eggs" as well! See page 35.
HURRY UP—LAST WEEK

Problems of Life

Forgiving and Forgetting

by the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

IN a beautiful passage in his "Treasure of the Humble," Maurice Maeterlinck says: "When I stand before the corpse of my bitterest enemy: when I look upon the pale



Maurice Maeterlinck

lips that slandered me, the sightless eyes that so often brought the tears to mine, the cold hands that may have wrought me so much wrong—do you imagine that I can still think of revenge? "Death has come and atoned for all. I have no grievance against the man before me. Instinctively do I recognise that it soars high above the greatest faults and the cruellest

wrongs. If there linger still a regret within me, it is not that I am unable to inflict suffering in my turn, but it is perhaps that my love was not great enough, and that my forgiveness has come too late."

How hard-hearted many people are in their most intimate relationships, and how little atonement they ever dream of making for it!

What in the discharge of my office I have often had occasion to observe is less what Maeterlinck describes than the astonishing facility with which people can forgive themselves.

FOR example, death invades a certain home wherein discord has arisen.

Perhaps it is the mother who has passed, and the various members of the family gather from far and near to pay their last united tributes of affection to her memory. Their grief is genuine enough and finds natural expression.

All the little faults of the departed one are forgotten—the frequent peevishness, the unreasonable prejudices, the habitual complainings—but it may be that other things are forgotten, too, which ought to be remembered.

Look at those worn hands and that now peaceful face. Those hands have toiled incessantly for these mourners; that face has grown old in their service.

Do they think of it; did they ever think of it, or let her see that they knew it in the days when her task was hardest and her burden heaviest?

ON the contrary, the onlooker knows that their selfishness, indifference and undutifulness have not seldom made both task and burden more grievous in the past.

Many a pang have they caused her, but they are serenely unmindful of the fact now.

Much comfort have they withheld from her, but if they feel any self-reproach on that account there is no sign of it.

Of all the pathos of human life I know no sharper illustration than these unperceived and unregretted sorrows that human beings daily inflict on one another.

We need to be alert and sensitive to what we too readily forgive in ourselves rather than to what we have to forgive in others.

INFAMOUS EDITOR EXPOSED

A PAPER THAT MUST BE STOPPED

by SYDNEY A. MOSELEY

IN my article last week exposing the methods of the matrimonial newspaper the *Matchmaker*, I quoted a letter to Mr. Thomas Owen, the Editor, in which I openly informed him that I had a wife who refused to divorce me, that I proposed to spend the rest of my life "having a good time," and noted that Mr. Owen had specially selected young ladies who would suit me. I asked for their names and addresses and enclosed a postal order for £10.

My letter with the money order for £10 having been posted, I assumed that Mr. Owen, Editor of the *Matchmaker*, and money-maker more than matrimonial agent as he is, would either smell a rat or really resent my having gone as far as I had in my correspondence.

At any rate, I fully expected that if the bait was too much for him and he wished to keep the £10 the least he could do would be to make some little enquiry concerning me. How was Mr. Owen to know who and what I was?

A damning letter

The reply soon came. Mr. Owen had accepted the deplorable task I had set him. Indeed, so keen was he to rake in every penny for his sorry business that he is more concerned in pointing out that I had sent him 10s. too little than in asking for further particulars about myself.

This is the document with which he stamps himself at once as an unscrupulous impostor:

"Many thanks for remittance value £10 as registration fee for the service of the *Matchmaker*, received by money order this morning. Receipt herewith enclosed. Might I, however, point out that you have made a slight error in the amount of the fee, which should have been ten guineas instead of pounds?"

"As I have to account to my partner for £10 10s. for each client registered on the books, I should be much obliged if you would kindly send along the small difference."

"Meanwhile I will arrange the introductions. On Monday next you will receive a list of suitable young ladies to write to."

This is the hypocrite who "wishes to strongly emphasise the great necessity there exists for exercising extreme caution in selecting a matrimonial agency."

Hypocritical gush

"To begin with," says Mr. Owen, "contemplators should persevere to convince themselves that the choice they are about to make is governed by sound responsible management, and conducted by men worthy of the confidence which must unavoidably be reposed in them; lacking these qualifications the office should not be given a second thought."

After the publication of this astounding correspondence Mr. Owen stands revealed as a danger to the community and one who merits the attention of Scotland Yard.

In order to complete this exposure I duly sent Mr. Owen the additional ten shillings.

Mr. Owen sends "for a commencement" the names and addresses of six "young ladies who will



Mr. Sydney A. Moseley

be pleased to receive a letter from you. These ladies are all in their twenties." The italics are Mr. Owen's.

Let us see who these confiding young ladies were. I decided to write.

My letter to them was just a formal one saying that their names had been given to me by Mr. Owen and asking why they had registered their names.

Pathetic insights

"No doubt he has told you the purpose of my application to him," I added. To this letter I received interesting information as well as pathetic insights into the plights of many of our lonely women. One typical City typist wrote:

"Many thanks for your letter which I have just received. I really do not know how to answer your letter; it is so very difficult. I am quite young, height 5 ft. 7½ in., dark, fair-skinned, slim, well-educated, very musical, fond of home life."

"I wish to meet a really nice man and I do hope you are taller than I. Mr. Owen has told me nothing at all about you, your letter being the first I have received about you. I should really like to meet you as I am so very lonely although both my parents are alive. Hoping to hear from you soon."

Well, I did reply to this letter and called to see the young lady in the City. If I had been pursuing my romantic enquiry I should have probably felt this an embarrassing moment, but I was now gravely anxious about the whole matter and regarded my interview with this lady from a totally different angle.

Reader loses sight of Eye
"JOHN BULL" pays
£125
INSURANCE BENEFIT

Miss X., as I shall call her, described herself accurately. She is tall, slim, pale-looking and wears glasses. She told me she is well over the twenties, although she actually looked quite a girl.

I asked her why she registered herself with the matrimonial agency, and she replied, "Well, if you only knew how dull and soul-destroying my home life is. The awful suburban atmosphere. The same thing day after day, the same train at the same minute to the same office."

Unscrupulous fleecing

Miss X. gave me further interesting information regarding the woman's part in Mr. Owen's agency.

"Some time ago," she said, "I was more than usually fed up, and seeing an advertisement wrote in to Mr. Owen. He replied asking me to send him ten guineas. He wrote to me again and I replied, telling him I could not afford the fee. Thereupon Mr. Owen accepted 'something on account.'"

A pretty business, surely. Not only content in mulcting men, who may be able to afford it, out of ten-guinea fees, Mr. Owen has no scruples in asking the same amount from City typists whose salaries are about two pounds a week, and who are prepared to set aside instalments out of their scanty salary as fees.

And what did Miss X. get for her money? "Have you found your soul mate?" I asked, with a wan smile. And she answered softly, "Not yet."

There had been two other men who had been asked to write to her and these had called in the same way as I had. Let Miss X. go on with her story.

Alarming experiences

"The first man who called wasn't anything like the picture of the man I dream about. He was indeed old enough to be my grandfather. He was fat, smelt of drink and certainly didn't want to get married."

"The next man who called rather shocked me. In answer to his letter I agreed that he should call here and I waited one day by this window watching for him to come. My ideal of a man is a clear-complexioned Englishman."

"I stood for twenty minutes anxiously awaiting him, and when he turned up he turned out to be a half-caste man from Mexico. For a moment my blood seemed to turn to ice; then I bolted."

All that Miss X. got for her fee or part of the fee were two actual adventurers and a third who posed as one!

What has Scotland Yard to say? What has the Home Secretary to say? If there is any law in the land that can touch a rascal like Owen it must be set in motion without delay.

Cut Off with a Fiver

Ministry's Paltry Action

FOR some twelve months JOHN BULL has been endeavouring to obtain justice for ex-A.B. William Atkins, of 117, Brunswick Street, Leicester.

Atkins enlisted in the Navy as a boy in 1909. In 1913 he was in a picket boat which collided with a harbour tug, and his legs and chest were trapped in a paddle-wheel. He was permanently disabled and has to wear surgical boots and heavy leg-irons.

For a time he received a small pension and on November 25, 1920, was notified that he had been awarded a permanent pension of 4s. 1d. per week.

Various illnesses attributable to his injuries necessitated his admission to the war pensions hospital at Leicester and his "permanent" pension suddenly ceased on September 14, 1921.

Paltry methods

His wife was left to provide for herself and family in the best way she could, the official explanation being that as a pre-war man he was not entitled to allowances for his family.

Atkins was told that he could not appeal against the stoppage of pension while he was an in-patient, and on his discharge was told it was too late, a particularly paltry example of the official attitude.

In a fit of generosity the authorities allowed him a gratuity of £5, which is all he has received for a period approaching six years.

Atkins has had a number of jobs, but has lost them through ill-health.

The call of justice

Atkins' troubles are directly attributable to his service, and yet after being in possession of the facts for years the Admiralty, on March 19, 1927, writes:

"In view of the terms of the report of the medical examination which was then held upon him—September 30, 1917—he was found to be ineligible for a further pension, and he was accordingly awarded by the Ministry of Pensions a gratuity of £5 in final settlement."

"It is regretted that in the above circumstances the pension must be accepted as having terminated in 1921, but should Atkins lose his employment through disability resulting directly from the injury for which he was invalided he may make application for his case to be reconsidered."

Atkins was on the sick list sixteen weeks in 1924, and six months in 1925; he has been unable to get work since September, 1925, and has been on the sick list again since last August.

It is more than time that something was done at least to relieve him of the distress caused by being unable to provide for his wife and family. His physical sufferings are quite sufficient without the addition of mental anxiety.

Justice is called for here, not charity.

A DOCTOR'S DISGRACEFUL CONDUCT

CRUEL NEGLECT OF A CONSUMPTIVE

A Case for the General Medical Council

ON the health of the masses of the people depends the well-being of the nation, and the health of the people is almost entirely dependent upon the thorough and conscientious discharge of their duties by panel doctors under the provisions of the National Insurance Act.

In the majority of cases medical practitioners are thoroughly alive to their great responsibilities, but in a far too big minority patients are not treated with the same care that would be accorded to purely private patients.

A particularly glaring and deplorable case of neglect of duty is furnished by Mr. James Duffin, of 187, Marylebone Road. In May or June of 1926, Duffin, who was then working as a kitchen porter, was suffering from a cough and pains in the chest which had persisted for six months.

During that period he had visited his panel doctor on some half a dozen occasions, but had never once been examined.

His condition becoming worse, Mr. Duffin went to St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington. Here he was seen by Dr. Goss, who said it would be necessary to have an X-ray examination. This was on or about June 5.

Doctor to doctor

Mr. Duffin was unfit to return to work, and on June 14 again went to see his panel doctor, Dr. E. A. Boyd, of 111, Seymour Place. Duffin asked him for a medical certificate, but this was refused unless the tuberculosis officer certified that he was unfit.

On the same day Mr. Duffin saw that official, Dr. Saner, at 111, Marylebone Road, who queried the right lung, made certain requests, and told

the patient to return the next day. In the meantime, Dr. Saner undertook to communicate with Dr. Boyd and tell him Duffin was unfit for work.

On June 22 Dr. Saner declared there was evidence of tuberculosis of the lungs, and the following day an X-ray examination confirmed that view.

A serious charge

Mr. Duffin declares that Dr. Boyd on the earlier visits apparently looked upon him as a malingeringer.

"This was not only a grave injustice to a man who while working had paid his weekly contributions for, among other benefits, medical attention, but was also a very grave menace to public health.

For months this man, suffering from tuberculosis, was engaged at an establishment where meals were being prepared for members of the public.

Eventually, Mr. Duffin was admitted to St. George's Sanatorium, Godalming, Surrey, from where he has just been discharged as fit for light outdoor work. Unfortunately, he has been unable to find suitable employment up to the present, and is being assisted by the United Services Fund. During the war, Duffin was in the 16th Division Cyclists' Corps and the Royal Dublin Fusiliers.

Serious as is Dr. Boyd's conduct from the point of view of Duffin, it raises, as we have said, the much larger question of the public weal.

On a former occasion he was severely censured by the County of London Insurance Committee for unprofessional conduct by the exhibition of a notice in his surgery, and also for his conduct towards an insured person.

A representation was then made to the Minister of Health that his continuance on the medical list would be prejudicial to the efficiency of the medical service of insured persons.

The Minister of Health did not act on that recommendation, but Dr. Boyd was ordered to pay the costs of the enquiry into the case. The Minister added, however, that if the practitioner had not expressed his regret and had not been in failing health, the case would have been regarded as one for a severe penalty.

During 1921, the sum of £5 was withheld from the committee and recovered from the practitioner on account of his failure to keep records.

String of complaints

In still a further case Dr. Boyd was held to have been guilty of gross negligence in failing to take any care whatever with regard to the treatment provided by him for a deceased insured person. The case was reported to the Ministry of Health, which withheld the sum of £100 from medical benefit payments, which was recovered from Dr. Boyd.

Failing to mend his ways, Dr. Boyd was again penalised to the extent of £5 for breaches of the medical certification rules. More serious was his failure to respond to two urgent messages, for which he was again censured and penalised to the amount of £10.

Altogether Dr. Boyd has a record which makes it quite apparent that he is unfitted for the important duties imposed by the National Insurance Acts. After the many warnings, it



The Rt. Hon. Neville Chamberlain, M.P., Minister of Health

was the obvious duty of the County of London Insurance Committee to take some really drastic action.

Instead of this, Dr. Boyd is once more "severely censured." After a full enquiry he has again got off with a punishment which past experience shows has not the slightest influence in bringing him to any proper observance of his professional responsibilities.

The facts are so bad that, for the sake of the good name of those whose mission in life it is to minister to suffering humanity, we hope that the General Medical Council will take official cognisance of it, and take some disciplinary action to show their strong disapproval of such conduct.

It has in the past taken such action in the case of far less grave instances of "unprofessional conduct."

BARELY READY BURLEIGH

ARTISTES LEFT IN THE LURCH

THE lot of theatrical artistes is not always one to be envied, and their position is made no easier by the actions of certain managers who give them engagements and then leave them in the lurch.

The Theatrical Employers' Registration Act, 1925, does not prevent this evil, but it does provide that a would-be employer must become licensed, which he can do by the simple expedient of placing in a London theatrical paper two notices that he intends to register.

A mean offence

Mr. Basil Burleigh, who recently stage-managed a play at the Duke of York's Theatre, has engaged artistes without carrying out these provisions, for which the prescribed penalty is a fine not exceeding £50 with or without imprisonment for a maximum of three months.

His action is all the more deplorable from the fact that he fixed up engagements with these artistes just at the period when touring companies were being booked up.

In December, Burleigh engaged Mr. William Burchell, the well-known actor, and others to the total of fourteen, to play in "The Princess' Own" for three special weeks at Boscombe, Norwich, and Chelsea Palace, with a long tour to follow.

Miserable excuse

They opened at Boscombe Hippodrome on December 5, and were handicapped by the fact that Burleigh had made no satisfactory arrangements to advertise the show.

At the end of the week the whole of the company was dismissed by Burleigh, who wrote a letter stating that the play was not being booked, as certain members of the company were not suited to the play and it would be disbanded. This was notwithstanding the fact that the company had been in rehearsal for a week in London, when no exception was taken to its performance.

They each received one week's wages and nothing more, although by the custom of the profession they

were entitled to two weeks' salary in lieu of notice.

Burleigh stated that he was going to reorganise the play and would advise Mr. Burchell as to future arrangements. But nothing further matured. He did, however, engage Mr. Burchell and a cast of nine to revive an old play, "The Signal." They rehearsed for a week without payment and were then told there was nothing doing.

On March 7 Burleigh reorganised "The Signal," with Mr. Burchell as producer and Miss Muriel Gregory as "Hilda." Again rehearsals commenced at the Duke of York's and the Poland Street rooms. Burleigh supplied a long list of bookings commencing in March at Burnley.

Striking admissions

Mr. Burchell wrote to Burnley to secure accommodation and then found that the show had not been booked there for the date given him.

When tackled, Burleigh told Mr. Burchell that the booking had been done through an agent and they

would positively open the following Monday at Burnley. Later he stated that he had no bookings beyond one at Torquay on April 4.

Burleigh offered if the company would play for the Torquay week he would guarantee two weeks' wages, and that offer was accepted.

Slender hopes

"The Signal" depends a great deal for its success on the scenery, but none was forthcoming. Neither was there any money forthcoming to pay the fares of the artistes to Torquay, and the company was broken up after putting in a great deal of work for nothing.

In addition to the members of the company, the Torquay Theatre authorities were left stranded without a company at the last moment.

This treatment of poor, hard-working theatricals is cruel and callous in the extreme. The chances of getting compensation from Burleigh are, we fear, very slender, but we earnestly hope some steps will be taken to bring him to book.

AN ELUSIVE RASCAL

THE DAPPER DIDDLER

Hanky-panky Hankies

THE long-firm swindler is ever with us. And he will continue to thrive whilst firms are willing to supply goods on credit without making enquiries as to the genuineness of references given

THE business of buying large quantities of goods on credit, selling them for ready money and then when creditors get too pressing quietly disappearing is an old and profitable one which, despite repeated warnings in JOHN BULL, is still flourishing.

An elaborate letter-heading, offices furnished in a comfortable—not to say luxurious—manner on credit and a prosperous appearance and pleasing address are all the stock-in-trade required to set up an establishment of this description.

Lack of care by industrial concerns is the opportunity for the exponent of this type of business, and is an opportunity which has recently been exploited to an alarming extent.

Pretentious methods

We have just investigated the operations in this line of W. H. Ashford, whose whereabouts quite a lot of people would be pleased to ascertain.

In the summer of last year, W. H. Ashford, who had an elegant taste in clothes and was always very affable and businesslike, opened an office in the heart of the City of London, ostensibly for the purpose of transacting business as a shipper and merchant.

He styled himself "Ashford and Company," and according to the correspondence emanating from a Cannon Street address, the firm had found it necessary, in order to cope with their world-wide interests, to establish branches in Capetown and Victoria.

Ashford lost no time in getting busy, and at once commenced ordering goods from all parts of the country. Some of the firms honoured with orders requested references, and got good ones.

Consignments of handkerchiefs, furs, rugs, carpets and other merchandise began to arrive at the Cannon Street office in a continuous stream. They did not stay there long—sometimes not more than an hour or two—before being sent out on other journeys.

Too busy for callers

Very prompt and businesslike in the rapidity with which he dealt with these consignments, Ashford, his creditors found, adopted quite different methods in dealing with their accounts.

Polite and other postal applications having been ignored, there was soon a procession of callers at Cannon Street, all clamouring for money.

Ashford was now so busy that never by any chance were any of these callers able to find him "at home" and only a few were able to see anybody at all. When they did gain admission it was only to interview some minor employee who would promise to draw the attention of his principal to the matter.

This state of affairs could not last long and indignant creditors began to arrive at the offices with writs.

Things began to get very hot for Ashford, and as business was beginning to show a marked decline, some two months ago he decided to live up to his own description of himself as a shipper and took ship for some unknown port.

The business was closed down by the simple expedient of closing the door and vanishing.



Lt. Col. Hugh Stephenson Turnbull, Commissioner of the City Police

Since that time the house-keeper at the Cannon Street building has been living a strenuous life. He has been very busy dealing with callers whose sole immediate wish in life was for a few words with Mr. Ashford.

As Ashford left without paying him his dues for keeping the offices clean or settling with the landlord, that was a wish he shared, but could do little to gratify.

An examination of the vacated premises revealed that Ashford had kept no books of account—or had taken them with him—which makes it practically impossible for the defrauded traders to discover how much Ashford has made by the sale of their goods, or even where they went or to whom they were forwarded.

Pawns only left

The matter was placed in the hands of the police and a warrant issued for Ashford's arrest, and that of two men who had been associated with him at Cannon Street. Ashford had got clear away.

Although the other two were arrested, it was evident that they were pawns in the game, and they were accordingly released.

Ashford has not only been mean enough to bamboozle his trading creditors, but he did not hesitate to deprive a poor caretaker of his earnings, and also left the two men he employed to face the music while he himself absconded.

This is only one instance of hundreds in which traders are daily being victimised. The police are to be congratulated on having rounded up so many, for it is a difficult matter to trace them.

By the time the creditors call in the assistance of the police the bird has flown to some other nest from which he probably starts the same old game of feathering it all over again. In the case of the Ashford bird we trust the police will not be long in effectively putting salt on his tail.

TEA FOR TWO!

A SPECIALIST PUP-SELLER

Who'll Hold the Baby?

TO bleed a business and then dispose of it is a very mean trick. That this is known to be done should put people on their guard when the vendors advance their propositions

A YOUNG commercial traveller in Sheffield has had a bitter experience in buying a bogus business.

Thrown out of employment the week after he was married, as a result of the coal stoppage, Mr. James Arnold Batty, of 343, Barnsley Road, Sheffield, was induced to buy a tea business from a man named John Richard Owens.

The business Owens sold Batty was the "bonus tea trick" which we have exposed repeatedly, but Owens has introduced a novel element into the scheme.

His method is to start a business and sell it as a going concern after he has squeezed all he can out of it.

When Mr. Batty discovered that he had been defrauded he sued Owens and obtained judgment against him. He has small hope of getting his money, but his investigations into Owens' previous activities reveal an amazing story of brazen effrontery.

Broken partnership

Owens appears to have learned how to operate the bonus tea ramp in the service of the Direct Supply Stores, a concern carrying on from Batavia Buildings, Hackins Hey, Liverpool. He left this firm in 1925 with another man named Oliver Royle.

Owens and Royle then got into touch with a man named Isaacs, and the three of them started the tea ramp under the imposing title of "The National Supply Stores." The business was conducted from an office at Ecclesall Road, Sheffield.

The partnership came to an end very quickly. Royle returned to his home and forsook the tea business. Isaacs carried on for some time by himself and Owens went to Leicester, where he took a room in London Road and started selling tea to Leicester people.

After three months he removed to a shop at Narborough Road, taking lodgings for himself and his wife in the house of Mr. E. T. Langham, to whom the shop belonged.

Bonuses and rubbish

Within a few weeks of coming to this address, Owens sold his business to a man next door for £50, accepted half this sum as a deposit and bolted, owing his landlord for rent and without paying two girls and a boy whom he employed their last week's wages.

When the purchaser of the tea business called on the customers whose names and addresses Owens had given him, he found that most of them had ceased buying tea from him long before.

The reasons they gave were that bonuses of £2 promised them had not been paid, and the tea sold to them at 3s. per lb. was rubbish.

Invoices from a well-known firm of London tea merchants which Owens

left behind him showed that he paid 1s. 5½d. per lb. for this tea, which is aptly described in the merchants' price list as "Oust blend."

In the meantime Owens had started operations in Sheffield once more, this time trading as the "Weldon Supply Stores," which he stated was a branch of a business whose head office was at Liverpool.

Last Christmas Eve he sold the Sheffield "branch" to Mr. Batty for



Mr. James Arnold Batty

£110, and retreated to his "head office" at 230A, Crown Street, Liverpool, returning to live with his parents at 17, Weldon Street, from which the "Weldon Supply Stores" obviously derives its name.

During the few months that Owens was in Sheffield for the second time he sold tea to the value of nearly £800, of which over £400 was gross profit.

He informed Mr. Batty that he had cleared nearly £300 out of this, to which must be added the money Mr. Batty paid him.

Keeping them quiet

Towards the end of his time in Sheffield, Owens kept his customers quiet by promising them that all bonuses would be paid the first week in January, with the result that on New Year's Day the unfortunate Mr. Batty was besieged by something like one hundred anxious women, many of whom were accompanied by their husbands.

Their anger and indignation when they found out how they had been duped may be imagined better than described.

Owens is still carrying on the tea ramp in Liverpool. He feels secure from a judgment which Mr. Batty obtained against him because he is not a householder, and he actually boasted to Mr. Batty that he banked all his money in his wife's name for safety.

He may find yet that the law has a longer arm than he realises. He still owes a week's wages to the three unfortunate victims whom he employed at Leicester.

Owens' crowning act of meanness, however, was to sell a parcel of tea at a "wholesale" price of 2s. 4d. per lb. to a widow shopkeeper in Sheffield, promising that all the customers in her district, a list of whom he showed her, would be told to obtain this tea from her shop in future.

This poor woman has had no customers for the rubbish Owens induced her to buy and is left with it on her hands.

LOST MAN: Tragic Story

FROM BRIDGE TO STOKEHOLD

Where is James Wilson?

THERE is a poor soul wandering at large, friendless and with memory impaired, whose tragic story will awaken the sympathy of all our readers.

He is known as James Wilson, ex-master mariner and submarine casualty. In spite of a ghastly wound which resulted in several inches of his skull being taken away, he has fought, with diminished faculties, a great battle against adversity.

From the day thirty years ago when he first sailed from the Firth of Forth on his father's ship, Wilson has spent all his life at sea.

In the war he was submarined two hundred miles off the coast of Ireland. He was wounded in the head by the explosion and was picked up unconscious by the German crew.

They took him to Hamburg and he recovered consciousness there some weeks later, but with a gaping wound behind the left forehead.

For two years until the Armistice he was in various German hospitals, and on being sent home had a final operation at Glasgow, where a plate was inserted.

The tragic blow

On his discharge from hospital, he set about to find a ship. Life for him away from the sea was inconceivable, but no British company would give him a command, in view of his wound.

They cannot be blamed, although Wilson claimed at the time to have as clear a brain as ever he had. He went to France and succeeded in persuading a firm of owners at Le Havre to appoint him captain of a

vessel trading between that port and the Mediterranean.

There was a collision off Gibraltar in a thick fog. An enquiry followed at which Captain Wilson maintained that the accident was not his fault. That may or may not be, but the secret of his disability emerged and there was an end of it.

He was held responsible and that ended his career as a master mariner.

Wilson took the blow in silence and, returning to this country, signed on for the first humble job that offered itself. He became an engine-room hand in a small Bristol coasting vessel of 150 tons.

Pursued by ill-luck

His next job was the gruelling one of stoker in a Rotterdam tramp-steamer. It was hardly a rest cure for a man with a hole in his skull, but he stuck it grimly.

Afterwards he signed on as store-keeper on a large Spanish ship flying the British flag, which sailed from the Mersey to Rio de Janeiro. On his return he took work again on a small coaster as fireman and engineer, sailing between Liverpool and Dublin.

Here he had an accident to his head on the voyage across the Irish Sea and was for a short time in hospital in Dublin.

After discharge at the beginning of this year, he returned to Liverpool, and on February 4 joined the crew of the s.s. *Sheaf Brook*, which was bound for Algiers. Again he met with an injury to his wound and he was signed off at Algiers and taken to the British Cottage Hospital there.

When he was sufficiently recovered

he was sent home, and arrived in London ten days ago. Wilson was then in a peculiar mental state.

Mysterious disappearance

His memory was fogged. He could remember, for example, the names of the various ships on which he has sailed during the past few years, but had forgotten that of the vessel which had brought him from Algiers to Southampton.

He could not pronounce the name of any town, but could spell it out letter by letter.

He informed an enquirer, who inspected his papers, that arrangements had been made for him to enter St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, the next morning, and that he would possibly be there four months.

At the time of our going to press he had not appeared there, and the hospital authorities had not been advised of his arrival.

It is a fact, however, that more than a year ago he was a patient at St. Mary's Hospital, where the doctors remember him well.

This makes it almost certain that the poor fellow is suffering from a lapse of memory and imagined that he was on his way to St. Mary's.

It also appears that since Wilson "began life over again" as an ordinary seaman under such a terrible handicap, he has been gradually losing grip of things.

His story as we have set it forth here, and as he told it with great difficulty on his arrival in London from Algiers, may not be entirely accurate, although such papers as he had confirm the salient facts.



Captain W. H. Coombs, author of the "Nation's Key Men," who is famous in the Merchant Service for his activities on behalf of ship's officers

A mysterious feature is that the plate which was inserted and which was still there when he was a patient at St. Mary's, has disappeared, leaving him liable to be fatally injured.

We are frankly disturbed over the fate of this man. He may be quite safe and in good hands.

But it is significant that in a lucid interval when he was last spoken to he said, "I am a beaten man and I know it."

James Wilson need not be beaten. Modern surgery can do many marvellous things, and if we are advised of his present whereabouts we shall see that he is placed in good keeping.

At the same time it is a burning disgrace that a man, who has suffered such terrible injuries in his country's service, should be left to his own resources. Surely it was someone's duty to see that he was kept under medical attention until he was fit to face the battle of life alone.

Wonder-worker's Bluff

An Impudent Proposal

PROFESSOR SHOUMEYENDU SUNDUR BHATTACHARYYA claims to be a marvellous wonder-worker. His own way of telling us so is at least picturesque, if not convincing.

He assures us that he has come to the front and adds:

"He has thirty two-years' experience. His calculations are very accurate and work miracle. He is quiet different from so called astrologers of the day that commonly met with in the busy towns, metropolises. He has no humbug about him and his power of clairvoyance has bewitched every one who has an opportunity to go to him to have his fortune read."

"Thousands and thousands of men flock round him to decipher their lucks and their great satisfaction in this direction is the only reward beaming forth from mouth to mouth."

Calm suggestion

Managing to escape by some means from the thousands, the astrologer with the wonderful name, who professes to tell fortunes from handwriting on being furnished with hour and date of birth, calmly suggests that JOHN BULL should start an astrological department and that fees charged

should be divided on the fifty-fifty basis.

The heading to his circular states, "Don't be misled by dazzling Advertisements."

Some side-lines

Should his fifty-fifty bait fail he wants us to quote advertising rates but we are following his own advice, so far as JOHN BULL is concerned.

Mr. Bhattacharyya is evidently a man of many parts. He is prepared to "answer any question" at the low rate of eight annas.

At various other prices he will give an annual or whole-life horoscope reading or supply cures for certain diseases which he names.

As side lines he also deals in menthol snuff and blue-black ink tablets manufactured by some mystic secret process of his own.

Altogether this Eastern magician appears to have little to learn from his Western brothers in the art of taking advantage of a gullible public. Had his environment been different he might have been a shining light among a certain type of company promoter.

An April First

Mistakes that Won a Fortune

MANY a man has been ruined by his son's mistakes, but here is quite another story.

As a result of the mistakes in the school-books of his little son, one of our readers has won the biggest "Bullets" prize ever offered—the JOHN BULL Ideal Home, Furniture, Motor-car and £500, with the option of a cheque for £2,500.

The good news came to the winner, Mr. Douglas Leader, whilst he was at his work in a warehouse at 13, Watling Street, London, E.C.

Mr. Leader slipped the telegram into his pocket and went on with his work as if nothing had happened. He left for home at five o'clock as usual.

A staggerer

In an interview later at his neat little house at 27, Wolseley Avenue, Wimbledon Park, Mr. Leader told our representative that neither he nor his wife had yet had time fully to realise his colossal success.

"Now, had it been £250," said the winner, "it would have seemed more real. But this—this is almost too much! I'm just an ordinary City clerk and with my salary you

can understand what this prize means to me. I have decided to take the cash alternative of £2,500 and invest it."

Mr. Leader related the circumstances which led to the making of his prize "Bullet"—ALL WRONG—"CROSSES" MARKING CIVILISATION'S MISTAKES.

Encouraging message

"The crosses against the sums in my little boy's arithmetic book gave me the idea," he explained. "I remembered at once that 'All Wrong' was one of the 'Examples.' 'Crosses' and 'Mistakes' were the words that were running through my mind. I thought of that terrible mistake in 1914 and of the crosses which it left behind."

Mr. Leader concluded with a message of encouragement to those he calls "strugglers"—the competitors who struggle on in "Bullets" hopeful of a big success, but seldom gaining prizes.

"A few days ago I was only a struggler myself. Now I'm a First Prize-winner! I wonder who will be the next struggler to follow me to the top of the 'Bullets' Prize-list?"

YOU AND US!

ANOTHER STEP FORWARD

Our Great New Feature!

ALWAYS anxious to give you the best possible JOHN BULL, we are taking an important step forward next week in the fulfilment of this aim.

We are sure you will be pleased and enthusiastic when you read the wonderful series of stories specially written by Mr. Edgar Wallace which will begin next week. *This will be an extra feature and will not displace any of our regular articles.*

Apart from being the author of the most successful play of the London season, in "The Ringer," Mr. Wallace is, perhaps, the most popular writer of his time.

He has revived his favourite characters, "The Four Just Men," especially for the readers of JOHN BULL and he has put into his work all he knows.

Mr. Edgar Wallace in this series of stories is right at the top of his form. We have no hesitation in saying that "The Further Exploits of the Four Just Men" will rank among the best short stories appearing in any publication.

A Real Life Romance

AS a matter of fact, Mr. Edgar Wallace is as big a romance as any of the stories he writes.

At the age of nine days he was left "with no visible means of support." Had it not been for a kind old couple in Deptford who adopted him, he would have been brought up in the Greenwich workhouse.

As it was, he was brought up with all the care any boy could want, and if he never went to a public school or university he at least had a first-class education in the great school of Life.

The turning-point of his life came when, tired of being a builder's assistant, he enlisted as a private in the Royal West Kents and eventually found himself in South Africa.

His first "serious" efforts in journalism consisted in writing poetry for the *Cape Times*. During the Boer War he was a Reuter's correspondent, and before it ended he was correspondent for the *Daily Mail*.

He was at the portentous Algeiras Conference at which the world "got the first hint of the coming war."

He edited the *Evening News* for a short time, and the people he has met and known, from kings to criminals, would fill a book.

"The Four Just Men"

"The Four Just Men," of whose exploits he is now going to tell in JOHN BULL, was rejected by every magazine in London. Mr. Wallace believed the story to be good, and he determined to make it go if it broke him to do so. He advertised it in newspapers, on hoardings, in Tubes and in buses, and although he eventually sold 38,000 copies, he lost £1,400. In disgust he sold the remaining book rights for £72 to George Newnes.

"I do not know," says Mr. Wallace, "how many hundreds of thousands of copies George Newnes have sold. I hope they may bring money out of my over-boomed romance, which is really a very good story."

Since those days Mr. Wallace has never looked back. He has written more books already than many authors accomplish in a lifetime, and he has never written a bad one.

"Here I am," says Mr. Wallace in one of his books, "newspaper boy, cabin boy, soldier, journalist, writer—

what next? Whatever it is I bet it is interesting."

To which we would add that here he is in JOHN BULL, and what he writes for JOHN BULL readers we also will bet is interesting.

Our own romance

There is a good deal of romance, too, about JOHN BULL, for which Mr. Edgar Wallace is now writing some of the best stories of his career.

What actually appears in the paper is only a small part of the enormous work that is done for the benefit of its readers.

We are increasingly proud of the amazing success of our efforts to redress the balance that the Government continually weighs down against the under-dog.

We count it both a duty and a privilege to take up the fight on behalf of the man who cannot help himself.

Take, for instance, our Pensions Department. Pensions for ex-Service men are a statutory right. It is a crying scandal that it should be left to JOHN BULL to obtain for these war-broken men what is their just due. It is a scandal crying to heaven that the Ministry of Pensions in innumerable cases withholds from these men money to which they are entitled until JOHN BULL forces it to disgorge.

Since January 1 of this year it has obtained a total value of awards and increases of no less than £1,629 16s. In these few months alone eighteen cases of injustice have been remedied and arrears of pension obtained of a total value of £917 4s. 2d.

Our pensions expert has further obtained a permanent increase for six pensioners, worth in each case over £10 per annum so long as the pensioner is alive.

That is a record of injustice remedied that should make Major Tryon, the Minister of Pensions, hide his head for very shame.

A big crusade

There is no greater scandal alive in this country than the way poor people are robbed and defrauded by the great industrial assurance companies.

Single-handed we have tackled this juggernaut of injustice.

In twelve months we have received at least 160,000 documents and written 10,000 letters.

We have placed 150 cases before the Industrial Assurance Commissioner.

In some 3,000 cases advice has been given as to the best course for the policyholders to pursue.

The net result of the working of this department for the past twelve months is that in 681 instances we have succeeded in recovering money and securing benefits for policyholders who, but for our assistance, would not have received any return at all for the premiums they have paid in, totalling well over £12,000.

Our guarantee of purity

A feature of JOHN BULL that is of enormous value is the paper's guarantee that any food or drink advertised has passed an analytical test and received a certificate of purity from a well-known analyst.

Only commodities which have successfully passed the laboratory test for cleanliness and purity are recommended to readers under our guaranteed advertisement scheme.

Moreover, these accepted advertisements are marked in a special manner, easily recognisable as the hall-mark of purity.

The right to know what the real ingredients are of the commodities they are asked to consume is part of the people's "right to truth" which JOHN BULL claims to voice and defend.

That is why we turn away thousands of pounds' worth of advertisements every year for no other reason than that the commodities advertised do not pass the test of the microscope and the test-tube.

The reputable firms have welcomed this scheme. The disreputable firms do not interest us.

In addition to all this, the simple act of registering as readers enables



Edgar Wallace, the first of a series of short complete stories starts in our next week's issue

them to participate in what is undoubtedly the most generous and comprehensive free insurance gift that has ever been offered by any paper.

A wonderful gift

They are covered against accident, material loss in the home (including fire), sickness and innumerable other risks, and the measure of the value of this insurance gift will be seen when we state that since its inception no fewer than 25,000 cheques have been sent to registered readers who had the foresight to take advantage of this offer.

In fact, there is no limit to the scope of our Free Service, which is unequalled by any other paper.

Countless legal queries are answered. "Humanist" places his wide experience and sound advice at the disposal of those whose human problems seem beyond solution.

Our "Greatest of These" Fund fills a niche unfilled elsewhere. It is the only charity in the world that devotes every penny received to the objects for which the money is given without any deduction whatever for expenses. These are borne by the proprietors of JOHN BULL.

Service our watchword

We are pardonably proud of the record of JOHN BULL and the position it has reached in the affairs of the nation. Nothing has been left undone that might enhance this position. And if, from time to time, we discover fresh avenues of advancement, we shall not hesitate to tread them.

Our readers have remained steadfastly loyal. Further, they are increasing, as evidenced by the net sales certificate on this page. With the prospects of a brighter year we hope we are not unduly optimistic in asking our readers to help us on to the second million by getting their friends to buy JOHN BULL.

"For the People the Right to Justice and Truth!" No paper ever had a prouder motto. That we have succeeded to the best of our ability in living up to it is reflected in our steadily increasing circulation.

"JOHN BULL'S" NET PAID SALES

THE DIRECTORS,
MESSRS. ODHAMS PRESS, LTD.,
LONG ACRE, W.C.2.

Dear Sirs,

We have examined the Company's Accounts and Records relating to the undermentioned issues of "John Bull," and certify that the Net Sales (exclusive of all free copies) after deducting Returns received during the week of each issue, were as set out below:—

Jan. 1	1,083,915	Feb. 12	1,084,337
" 8	1,081,432	" 19	1,085,191
" 15	1,084,255	" 26	1,086,331
" 22	1,081,490	Mar. 5	1,092,338
" 29	1,082,604	" 12	1,095,635
Feb. 5	1,083,419	" 19	1,102,571
Mar. 26	1,106,409		

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) FRANKLIN, WILD & CO.,
Chartered Accountants,
Orient House, 42-45, New Broad Street, London, E.C.2
4th April, 1927.

IT is nothing less than a national disgrace that a civilised country should condemn people, whose only fault is to have been stricken by terrible misfortune, to what can only be described as a living death

Worse than Prison

by ESME WINGFIELD-STRATFORD, D.Sc., M.A.

SOME time late this year, but the sooner the better, we are promised a Bill for the reform or reconstruction of the English Poor Law. It is a measure shamefully overdue, and all men of good will must wish the Government god-speed in a task so vital to our prosperity as a nation.

It is not of the broad problems of administration that I wish to speak here. Whether we shall abolish boards of guardians and put everything under the control of the county councils; in what way we shall grade the various classes of paupers; whether we shall disfranchise those who are receiving relief from the State, are issues that will no doubt arouse the keenest passions and, perhaps, determine the fate of Governments.

But the cases for which I plead for a hearing are those of a minority too small to count as a political force, too helpless to agitate, too broken, often, even to complain.

I refer to those unfortunate people who have been stricken down, sometimes in youth, sometimes in old age, with hopeless infirmity that prevents them from earning their living, and condemns them to pass the rest of their lives as paupers.

Out-of-date ideas

Now, I want to make it clear to those worthy folks who seek to brand every human impulse with the stigma of sentimentality that even the most rigid strictures of our ancestors of Oliver Twist's time would hardly apply to these particular cases.

The workhouse, so these tight-lipped, whiskered economists used to say, must be made a place of terror for the improvident and unthrifty.

But people who are incurable, infirm and unable to look after themselves in any case, people stricken down without warning in the full vigour of their working powers, are surely not fair game for the moral indignation even of Mr. Bumble.

I would beg leave to cite only two, out of hundreds, nay thousands, of cases, of which every candid workhouse-master in the country must be able to tell, cases so pitiable in their injustice and misery as to constitute a positive blot on our civilisation.

These particular cases are taken from an institution in the home counties of which, for many years now, I have had some knowledge, and though I have altered the names, the facts are as real as they are brutal.

I will first speak of Mrs. Bessel. She was a respectable widow, an old dame endowed with that grave and dignified courtesy that you find nowadays among the poor in certain country districts, but which is certainly not to be had in Belgravia for love or millions.

Mrs. Bessel had brought up one of those families of country folk that are certainly the sturdiest, as they are a diminishing, element of the population.

An impossible task

Shortly after the birth of the last—I think it was the thirteenth—the husband died, and Mrs. Bessel heroically faced the task of giving a decent start in life to these sons and daughters she had given to the country.

But the task was too much for human strength. She found herself forced to supplement her day-time earnings as a charwoman by sitting up half the night sewing by the light of a single candle. One morning, when the long task was nearly accomplished and the last child was almost past school age, Mrs. Bessel found herself partially paralysed.

What was there now for her to do? She might have grovelled for charity. But the old lady's pride was proof against such an expedient.

She told me, in a matter-of-fact voice that had no trace of resentment or even surprise, that the Reverend Somebody-or-other had told her that she needn't have come to this if she had been less independent. That, to my mind, is the most horrible part of the whole story.

Among her children, such of them as could be traced or were not killed in the war, there was no possibility of finding her a home.

Happy release

I have no means of judging their conduct, but I cannot lose the memory of this dear old grandmother, who ought, by all humane and decent standards, to have been enjoying the sunset of her life by her own fireside, sitting, tight-lipped and uncomplaining, in a hard chair, surrounded by the doddering and imbecile, liable to be ordered about, to be "told off" and disciplined by women fifty years her junior, until, a few months ago, death came to release her.

But Mrs. Bessel's lot was happiness itself compared with my next case. Dolly—that is the name by which they all know her at the institution—has been there now for some fourteen or fifteen years; she may have some forty still to run.

Dolly was an actress, a "principal boy" in a touring company, very much petted and spoilt by everyone because, as she puts it herself, "I was such a little thing."

Young as she was, with every prospect of a successful career and with old age so far off as to be hardly imaginable, she had enjoyed life and spent her earnings to the full.

But the conditions in small provincial theatres are sometimes exceedingly trying for the performers. Dolly found herself compelled, with very scanty clothing, to endure wintry draughts of piercing keenness.

Veritable nightmare

She believes that it was owing to this that she found herself one day a paralysed wreck, just able to hobble about, and condemned to pass the remainder of her life in this state of incapacity.

She passed from the stage to the workhouse, from a life of joyous activity to one of hopeless and helpless monotony, year in, year out, with only the relief of the yearly treat, to which she looks forward with intense longing from one August end to another. Just to sit for a few hours on the lawn and listen to a band, and have a bouquet of flowers put into her lap—once a year.

Now, I have not the least desire to work up the agony beyond what the facts warrant. The modern guardians' institution is a very different affair from Mr. Bumble's old "Poor-law Bastille."

The master of this particular institution is a veritable model of what such a functionary ought to be, efficient and up-to-date in the performance of his duties, and at the same time endowed with a rare gift of imaginative sympathy.

I can imagine no greater proof of this than his kind thought in allowing Dolly, who is passionately fond of flowers, to have a little corner of the yard where, with infinite pains, she has managed to construct a tiny rock garden, in whose few blossoms she takes a pathetic pride.

But, even in the most favourable circumstances, life in an "institution" is joyless and dismal to an almost unthinkable degree. For anyone of self-respect or intelligence to be herded, day in, day out, with companions at least half of whom



Esme Wingfield-Stratford, D.Sc., M.A.

are in various stages of feeble-mindedness, must be a veritable nightmare.

The food, carefully weighed out according to a fixed schedule, may be just sufficient to keep away the actual pangs of hunger, but in its unvarying and cheeseparing monotony, it must become inconceivably distasteful. The clothes, sufficient for decency and perhaps for warmth, are coarse and ugly and ill-fitting—necessarily so, no doubt, from the ratepayers' point of view.

The crushing prospect

But what is most galling and destructive of self-respect is the never-ceasing tyranny of a soulless routine, as there is said in hell to be a clock the hands of which point always to one or other of these two words, "Always" and "Never."

And, perhaps most harrowing of all to the average inmate's mind, is the prospect of the poor body, after death, being carted off to be cut up and exposed in the hospital "meat shops."

Alleviate it as we will, life in a guardians' institution is bound to be one unrelieved and hopeless misery for all except those who are too imbecile or unimaginative to resent anything not involving actual physical pain.

The problem is a difficult one, no doubt. Such incurables as Dolly and Mrs. Bessel are admittedly incapable of fending for themselves; to give them outdoor relief is no doubt outside the scope of practicality, though I have heard one old lady suggest that four or five of them, helping each other, might contrive to run a cottage somehow or another.

A crucial question

But, failing this, I believe every humane and just person will feel that they ought to have a legal, as they certainly have a moral, right to a dignified retirement where they could be looked after without incurring the dreaded stigma of pauperism, and without the sacrifice of self-respect or reasonable liberty.

Admittedly, it would cost money, a mere drop in the ocean, involving at most an extra penny or so on the average rates. But who, even in these hard times, would grudge a little extra for such a purpose?

If I were vain enough to think that my words could reach that excellent administrator and true patriot, Mr. Neville Chamberlain, I would ask him this one question, "What is your Bill going to do for Dolly?" For Dolly, remember, is a real person.

Candid Communications

Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities

To the Rt. Hon. STANLEY BALDWIN, M.P.,
10, Downing Street, S.W.

DEAR PRIME MINISTER,—What is the explanation of your amazing indifference to the appalling degradation and cruelty involved in the employment of half-stripped lads, their flesh lacerated with ropes, to drag wheelless tubs in the coal-mines? The Bill to put an end to this inhuman scandal ought to receive your wholehearted support.
JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. J. RAMSAY MACDONALD, M.P.,
Upper Froggnal Lodge, Froggnal, N.W.

DEAR SIR,—“The best memorial to good people is to carry on their work,” you told us at the Palladium matinee in aid of the Mary Middleton and Margaret MacDonald Baby Clinic and Hospital, Kensington. Since one of the pioneers of this noble work was your own ever-mourned and well-beloved wife, none knows better than yourself how dear the cause was to her heart. A country which allows its children to languish is shamed indeed.
JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. PHILIP SNOWDEN, M.P.,
St. Ermins, Caxton Street, S.W.

DEAR SIR,—The average voter is easy to hood-wink by a clever politician, yet your bald statement that the Chancellor has increased expenditure by £44,000,000 in two years will take a deal of explaining away. And this is a Government pledged to national economy! I take comfort in the knowledge that it is impossible to fool all the people all the time, and that a man has to be very blind who allows himself to be robbed indefinitely.
JOHN BULL.

To Mr. R. B. WALKER,
Gen. Sec., National Union of Agricultural Workers.

DEAR SIR,—Your statement that your membership is growing at the rate of 500 a month is excellent reading, and I trust that your union will soon be strong enough to insist on a wage sufficient to compensate skilled hand labourers for remaining at home. I associate myself with your condemnation of the tied cottage system, which constitutes a weapon of oppression.
JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. H. R. L. SHEPPARD,
Late of St. Martin-in-the-Fields.

DEAR “DICK,”—Last year, owing to illness, you were driven to sever your official connection with the church at which you had laboured so successfully and so long. When, for the first time since your retirement, you preached from your old pulpit, the congregation showed the strength of their affection by crowding the building to its doors. Many stood, others sat in the aisles on hassocks, and some even stayed on after the afternoon service. Only a noble personality could command such love.
JOHN BULL.

To Mr. G. HADFIELD,
Morden Hall, Morden.

DEAR SIR,—Modest and unassuming, you have a soft place in your heart for two lovely things—song-birds and children. To you a bird sanctuary is sacred, and so you refused to sell your land to speculative builders, even though you could have obtained £1,000 an acre for land which formerly would have fetched only £200. Now you have converted your mansion into a sanctuary for little sick children from the East End. Every year 1,000 such will come from the London Hospital to be your guests, and you will keep and tend them until health is won and colour wooed back to their cheeks. You make it easy to believe that saints still exist in this drab world.
JOHN BULL.

To Sir ARTHUR BALFOUR, K.B.E.,
Arcadia, Sheffield.

DEAR SIR,—You find that we and other nations are coming to our senses and beginning to understand that if we want international trade we cannot get it by glaring at one another over hedges. I have only to add that these sensible remarks were made at a luncheon given by the British National Committee of the International Chamber of Commerce to Herr Franz von Mendelssohn, chairman of the German National Committee, to point their moral. They might just as well have been spoken and acted upon in 1914 and prevented the whole of Europe being covered with war graves.
JOHN BULL.

To Miss M. BAYLE, J.P.
Plymouth.

DEAR MADAM,—Your refusal to accept hints to leave the Bench when unpleasant cases come before it does you credit. Just as nurses and doctors stick to their work, however horrible the job, so must women magistrates. In fact, that is the whole object of their appointment.
JOHN BULL.

To Councillor HARRY PRESTON,
Brighton.

DEAR SIR,—The visitors to your popular resort will shortly have one more reason to be grateful to you, for, largely owing to your importunate enterprise, the town council has decided to erect forthwith several refuges in King's Road, a thoroughfare which has long proved a death-trap to pedestrians. Some wag has suggested that these should be known as “Preston Pops.” Anyway, they will form a lasting monument to your enlightened citizenship.
JOHN BULL.

To Mr. RHYS DAVIES, M.P.,
Withington, Manchester.

DEAR SIR,—I welcome your promise to raise the question of the Washington Eight Hours Day Convention again and again “until the Government is forced to do its duty.” It is a moral disgrace that in regard to the length of the working day Great Britain should lag behind other countries. If you can shame Ministers out of their apathy on this question you will earn the best thanks of the nation.
JOHN BULL.

To Miss E. C. PAINE,
Chief Probation Officer, Old Street Police Court.

DEAR MADAM,—You know of thousands of cases where there is insufficient accommodation for the whole family to live together in a house, and children drift on to the streets, blue-nosed with cold, miserable and ragged, hanging round public-houses and becoming progressively more dangerous as they grow older. You wonder why those of you engaged in probation work do not down tools and go round the country on a housing campaign. I wish to goodness you would.
JOHN BULL.

To Mr. F. G. BARNES,
Rayners, Penn, Beaconsfield.

DEAR SIR,—After twenty-seven years of teaching, you are retiring, but not from ordinary scholastic work. Yours has been a self-sacrificing labour of love in an almost silent school, for all the youngsters under your care have been either blind, deaf and dumb, or afflicted with mental weakness. That your work has been remarkable is proved by one little chap, who coming to you both blind and deaf and dumb, now leads an almost normal life, communicating his thoughts, and recognising others, besides doing useful work with his hands. This is nothing less than a miracle, and shows what one man can accomplish.
JOHN BULL.

Straight from the Shoulder

MR. N. CHAMBERLAIN: “One of the factors which brought about a rise in the price of houses is the subsidy.”
While the price of land makes a good second and the price of building materials an amazing third.

SIR ROBERT HORNE: “I think it desirable for the future that nobody should acquire the right to vote until twenty-five.”
Which might be true if the right to be taxed was also postponed until then.

MR. VICTOR H. FINNEY: “This country has never tried the drastic cure of real economy.”
Nor touched the biggest spendthrift of all, which is militarism.

M. CLEMENCEAU: “If I wrote my memoirs not a man would henceforward leave for war.”
Which makes it eminently desirable that your memoirs should be written, and at once.



LOCKED OUT!

[With apologies to the artist of "Love Locked Out,"]

Without Fear or Favour—by the Editor

BAREFACED BUNKUM!

THE more a man has to spend the more he will buy, and the more he buys the more prosperous industry will become. The higher the income-tax the less a man has to spend, and the less he can buy.
This is the complete answer to the Colwyn Report

IT has taken the Colwyn Committee exactly two years to decide that the iniquitous burden of income-tax bears no relation to the present state of industrial difficulty.

The committee was appointed early in 1924 to report on the National Debt and Taxation, and after months of muddling deliberation has failed entirely to produce a unanimous report.

One little ray of sunshine is, however, that both the Majority and Minority Reports seem to be in entire agreement that direct taxation is not one of the main causes of the post-war depression in industry.

On this question the Majority Report states: "The effects of high income taxation have been almost negligible in the field of employments and professions; over a great part of the industrial field, while appreciable, they have not been of serious moment, but it is clear that they must have often put a check on the more speculative class of business."

"Wider causes than taxation, however, and particularly the dislocation of our old export markets, must be held mainly responsible for the lack of buoyancy in recent years. Relatively, income taxation has not been a factor of high importance."

What a relief! Employers and employees can now take courage and go about their daily task knowing full well that income-tax is simply a necessary, but unpleasant, evil which does very little harm to anyone.

When a student submits a really silly answer to an examination question, the examiner never thinks twice about writing "rubbish" across the examination paper.

The British public are the examiners of the Colwyn report, but the difficulty will be to find a better word than "rubbish" if it is to carry out its proper duties.

ANYONE with two grains of common-sense knows that the selling price of an article is the determining factor in regulating its demand.

Anyone with one grain of common-sense knows that the selling price of an article depends upon the cost of the material, labour and overhead expenses necessary for its manufacture.

No one needs reminding that income-tax is an overhead expense, and a large one at that.

The only way to turn a shaky business into a prosperous one is to reduce the overhead charges.

Income-tax may be a quick and easy way of raking in revenue, but it is not by any means the easiest or the fairest.

Reduce taxation and you can reduce the selling price. Reduce the selling price and you will find more buyers. Reduce taxation and the man in the street will spend more; but he cannot spend more at present because he has to hand over a very large proportion of his earnings to the Commissioners of Inland Revenue.

THERE is not much justice in this direct taxation of the money a man earns by the sweat of his brow while the vast income from idle and unproductive land remains untapped.

A wise Chancellor would always seek ways and means of increasing the spending power of the people, for greater spending power means larger turnover, and larger turnover tends to achieve that greater prosperity which alone can relieve a harassed industry.

The committee informs us that the dislocation of our old export markets is mainly responsible for trade difficulties, but surely the loss of export trade is chiefly due to the competition of foreign manufacturers who are relatively free from taxation.

Income-tax at four shillings in the pound seriously affects the pockets, lives and well-being of all of us. We are told that this crippling levy is necessary.

We know for a positive fact that, whether it is necessary or not, we have to pay it, but to be told that its contribution to the difficulties of industry and employment in this country has been almost negligible is—we have just thought of a better one than "rubbish"—barefaced bunkum.



Lord Colwyn, Chairman of the Committee appointed to consider the question of taxation. Two years have been expended in preparing a fruitless report

MEN, NOT WIZARDS

LIMITATION of armaments is being spoken of seriously by the nations' representatives. The people must insist that it does not end in words, but in action

AT first blush it would seem that Lord Cecil at Geneva is not making much headway with his proposal for naval disarmament. Yet this is to take both a shallow and extremely short-sighted view. True there is a hitch; there is even disagreement, and a long discussion on naval limitation has finally been adjourned in order to enable Lord Cecil to obtain fresh instructions from his Government.

That in itself is significant of an entirely new spirit that is abroad in the world. Lord Cecil has neither been spurned nor shouted down.

He has been listened to with sympathy. He has been supported by representatives of two nations, one the embodiment of all that is new, America, and the other with the dignity of a history lost in the mists of antiquity behind it, Japan.

France, it is equally true, provided the stumbling-block. But even there the disagreement is not fundamental. France differs, not in principle, but in method.

The British plan is for the restriction of the tonnage of ships in each given class, and the French proposal differs from the British in that it involves limitation of naval personnel.

It is difficult to see how one can possibly be achieved without the other; but these are details, and should be presently solvable.

The thing to hold on to is the magnificent fact that limitation of

armaments has now been brought within the realm of practical politics. Moreover, it is not there by odd chance, nor hanging by a thread to be lightly broken.

"France," says M. Briand, "is ready to undertake, with the United States, any mutual engagement to put war between the two countries out of the bounds of possibility. France is prepared to go to great lengths so long as her security is assured."

Never, since the dawn of history, have more significant words been uttered. Never before have leaders of men taken the same point of view, or stood upon the ground where they stand now.

THE nations have seen what a dread thing modern war may be. Alike they groan under the crushing burden of taxation that war induces. They have a vision of what the world will become when war is not.

It is inconceivable that we should ever again fight our neighbours in France or dream of armed conflict with the United States. Others, beside M. Briand, are willing to go to "great lengths" to prevent such unspeakable fratricide.

And if between these friendly nations war is to be put out of the bounds of possibility, why not between the other countries also?

Their representatives stand ready at Geneva, armed with instructions to discuss the matter. But they are merely men, not miracle-workers. The end they seek will never be achieved until the weight of public opinion behind them is irresistible.

It is the people themselves who alone have power to say, "There must be limitation of armaments because we insist that there shall be!"



Lord Robert Cecil

The Dragon's Teeth

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

THERE has rarely been a measure with more potentialities for mischief than the Trade Union Bill. It represents not the considered judgment of statesmen, but the stampede of a Cabinet before the urgings of its wildest members



The Rt. Hon. Sir Douglas Hogg, M.P., K.C., Attorney-General, in charge of the Trade Union Bill

THERE is an old legend that tells how Jason, the Greek hero, sowed dragon's teeth in a field. The crop that grew from the dragon's teeth was armed men.

If the Government is not busily engaged in sowing dragon's teeth by introducing the ill-conceived and extraordinarily badly drafted Trade Union Bill, I am very much mistaken.

It is a Bill that takes away from the trade unions rights that were deliberately given to them by both a Liberal and a Conservative Government. Its immediate effect has been to unite into one intensely angry and hostile camp all the warring sections of the Labour Party.

Nobody could or would deny that reforms—great and far-reaching reforms—are urgently needed in the trade union world. The need for these is so apparent that for many months past the best brains of the trade union movement have been turning their attention to reconstruction and reorganisation.

A tragic challenge

The sanest leaders of the trade unions have been striving to hitch up to trade union reform a deliberate attempt to inculcate a better spirit between masters and men.

They have been striving desperately to set on foot all sorts of schemes whereby co-operation in industry might engender a spirit of good will and destroy the spirit of foolish antagonism that has for so long hindered the development of British industry.

All that has gone. If the Government had wished deliberately to stem all efforts at reform, to stamp out all attempts to foster a better spirit in industry, it could not have succeeded better than by introducing the Trade Union Bill.

It has thrown down a challenge to the trade unions in a manner so irresponsible that were it not tragic in its potentialities it would be comic.

It has deliberately revived all that foolish talk of class warfare by introducing into Parliament a Bill that displays an amount of class bias that few Bills have displayed in Parliamentary history.

Confession of failure

It has put into the hands of the Labour Party the sharpest weapon against the Government that it has ever possessed.

In five minutes the Government has done more to consolidate the jarring and discordant sections of the Labour Party than its own leaders could have done in five years.

It was perfectly clear from the minute the general strike started that the country could never again risk the recurrence of such a stupid and overwhelming catastrophe.

As the weeks and months passed by it has become increasingly plain that the trade unions themselves have learned their lesson very clearly, and that nothing short of a sudden attack of insanity would induce any of the leaders to countenance such a foolish move in the future.

I am entirely opposed to strikes as a method of settling industrial disputes, as I am entirely opposed to the resort to arms to settle political disputes between nations.

The strike, like war, is a confession of failure. It is an abject surrender to brute force and an admission that those responsible, whether they be masters or men, have no right to call themselves reasoning beings.

Because a thing is insanely stupid it does not follow the way to eradicate it is to make it illegal. You do not necessarily prevent one crime by creating another.

You cannot imprison the whole of the membership of, shall we say, the Miners' Federation any more than you can place in the dock the entire population of a nation that has flagrantly broken international law.

The Government can pass all the Trade Union Acts it likes, but if the trade unions decide that they will strike, strike they will, Act or no Act.

When strikes will cease

Laws are only kept in the main because we agree that it is better to keep them than to break them. If an isolated individual here or there decides to risk the consequences of breaking the law, it does not matter. If we all decided to ignore any given law, that law would cease at once to have the slightest significance.

Some day it will dawn on workers and employers alike that strikes are useless as a means of settling disputes, and that they bring nothing in their train except loss and misery. It is then that strikes will cease. They will not cease by legislating them out of existence.

What I cannot understand is how a Government that is on its last legs, that must before very

long appeal to the country for a renewal of the country's confidence, can so far lose its sense as to antagonise hopelessly and irrevocably the majority of the voters.

I cannot understand how a Government, the members of which preach day in and day out that class war is a delusion, can deliberately legislate against the trade unions by forbidding sympathetic strikes while allowing a sympathetic lock-out to remain perfectly legal.

The only sane course

If the Government says that no local authority may make it a condition of employment that its employees shall be trade unionists, but omits to make the same stipulation with regard to the private employer, it must not be surprised if a charge is immediately hurled at it that this is less solicitude for the working man than an attempt to embarrass labour councils.

When it frames its Bill so as to deprive the Labour Party of a very large source of its revenue, it must not object if it is accused of using its power to cripple the political Labour Party rather than to safeguard the rights of the private individual.

I am not at the moment very concerned with the actual clauses of the Bill. They will be subjected to the severest criticism in the House of Commons.

What I am concerned about is that a Prime Minister, whose avowed object during his term of office has been to bring about peace in industry, should have allowed himself to be jockeyed into doing the one thing that has put peace in industry out of court for years to come.

If the Government still has any sense of responsibility left, it will withdraw its Bill and summon a conference of all those whose interests are affected by trade union reform, and defer the introduction of the Bill until its provisions are agreed upon by those whose statutory rights and liberties are at present in the melting-pot.

Sorrow has one consolation—it draws all together. How many friendships have been cemented for ever around a sick bed!

WILL Matthew Railton recover? My readers will remember that I concluded my article last week by asking that question. I told of a young fellow who



Mr. Philip Inman

had been badly smashed in a motor accident and whose unconscious body had for two days been watched over by his loved ones.

The mother's heart-broken petition that her only boy might be spared to her was still echoing through the ward when something happened—a something which was to tip the scales between life and death.

I had just come downstairs, and was standing in the entrance-hall of the hospital talking with a friend, when a girl, armed with a lovely bunch of flowers, walked in.

I heard her enquire for Mr. Railton, and when she was told "No improvement," I saw that her

face fell. Her eyes were wet as she left the flowers with a request that they should be sent to him, and then she turned away hurriedly.

But before she had gone many yards I called her back. "I heard you ask for one of our patients," I said. "Is he a friend of yours?" A faint blush coloured her pale cheeks. "Yes," she answered quietly, "a great friend."

I told her that his relations were upstairs, and invited her to come inside to see them. For a moment she hesitated, and then she murmured softly, "I don't think I ought. You see, they don't know me." But all the same she started to walk back with me into the hospital.

When we were inside she explained that only a fortnight before they had agreed, when Matthew had passed his examinations, to become engaged. Until then their secret was to be shared by no one.

"It has been a dreadful time since I heard of his accident," she went on, and her heavy eyes betrayed the anxiety through which she had passed.

AS I looked at that girl I decided upon a risky expedient. I would arrange for her to meet his people, for, after all, they were sharers in a com-

Love in S

The Wrong M.P. Scandal

by A. G. GARDINER

IF representative Government is to stand the shock of attack being made on it by Fascists and Communists alike, it must represent the majority and not the minority. Only a complete overhauling of present electoral methods can accomplish it

THE rumours that have been current about the imminence of a General Election have not, I think, much substance in them. Mr. Baldwin can carry on, if he chooses, to the beginning of 1929, and I see no reason why he should want to go to the country before the autumn of next year at the earliest.

But even the autumn of next year is not a long way ahead, and if anything is to be done to put our Parliamentary house in order there is no time to lose. Judging, however, by the attitude of the Government in the House of Lords debate on the second ballot, Mr. Baldwin has no intention of doing anything.

This is not because Mr. Baldwin thinks that something ought not to be done. Nobody can think that who wishes to preserve the respect and confidence in the Parliamentary institution.

For the plain fact to-day is that the House of Commons has ceased to fulfil its primary function of recording the view of the majority of the people.

In present conditions, not only does the Government not represent the majority of votes cast at the election, but no Government is ever likely to represent the majority. In other words, whatever Party is in power, it will be a minority Government so far as the votes of the electors are concerned.

The three colours

This strange anomaly has come about by the emergence of a third Party. Our electoral system is based on the assumption that there are and can be only two Parties in the State.

But this is no longer the case. A third colour has been added to the political spectrum. Blue and buff are not the only wear, and quite a lot of little boys and girls who are now being born will demand red as their only badge.

Instead of two candidates appearing in the field, there are three. Jones (blue) gets 10,001 votes; Brown (buff) gets 10,000 votes; Robinson (red) gets 9,999 votes. Jones wins the seat and of 30,000 voters who have cast their votes, 20,000 are unrepresented.

See how it works out in bulk. In 1923 Labour polls less than a third of the votes cast and takes office against the wish of two electors out of every three. In 1924 the Conservatives poll less than half the votes cast, and have a majority of over two hundred in the House of Commons.

An impossible position

The absurdity of the position can be illustrated by this table which shows the average number of votes represented by each of the Members sitting in the present Parliament:

Conservative.	Labour.	Liberal.
19,644	37,915	80,954

In other words, each Liberal—there are only forty-two of them—represents just four times as many voters as each Conservative.

This may seem good business from the Conservative point of view, but no sensible Conservative who considers that representative government is more important than temporary Party advantage will think so.

The fact is that we want a new electoral system to fit the new conditions that have arisen. With the three-cornered fight general we are doomed, under present conditions, to the rule of the minority. There are three ways in which that anomaly can be remedied.

There is the second ballot, which has just been discussed in the House of Lords. This is a straightforward way of getting a true decision. If none of the candidates polls a majority of the votes cast, the lowest of the three is dropped and a straight issue is reached between 1 and 2.

The objections offered to this method are that it gives us two elections instead of one and that it has been dropped in fifteen countries where it had been adopted.

The second remedy is the alternative vote. You not only put your mark against your favourite candidate; you give a second vote for the candidate you prefer after him. In the event of no candidate getting a majority of the votes cast,



The Rt. Hon. Stanley Baldwin, M.P.,
Prime Minister

the second votes come into effect and the candidate who receives the majority of first and second votes is elected. The objection urged against this method is that it confuses the voter.

The third remedy is proportional representation—large constituencies with several members, the candidates being elected in exact proportion to the votes cast. There are objections to this method, but on the whole it is the most exact and logical way of solving the problem.

Party first

Now, with these remedies at hand, why is it that nothing is done to cure so serious a flaw in our electoral system? Why is it that we allow representative government to become a joke and unrepresentative government to be the reality?

I am afraid that the only explanation of the fact that nothing is done is that Party calculations rather than a desire for a square deal for the electorate are allowed to operate. The Conservatives think they gain by the split vote of the opposition and Labour thinks it gains by having two foes fighting each other as well as itself.

But if Parliament becomes a scandal of misrepresentation, as it is at present, no one gains except the revolutionary gentlemen who want to discredit Parliament altogether.

A committee of the House, representative of the various groups, should be appointed to consider how the representative character of the assembly can be restored, and how the wishes of the electorate can be reflected in the constitution of the Chamber.

If the committee I suggest had a wider range of powers given it no harm would be done. The whole Parliamentary machine needs overhauling in view of modern conditions. It is clogged and encumbered with tasks that do not properly belong to it, and it is losing prestige in consequence.

The first step

More and more the business of government tends to become administrative rather than legislative, and the duty of Parliament is not to administer but to lay down the principles of administration and see that the most efficient and expert minds are set to the job.

Coal, for example, ought not to be the subject of an eternal political wrangle in Parliament. It should be handed over to an authority representing labour, capital and the consumer, charged with handling the whole problem as a national asset, and subject only to the revision of Parliament.

By this delegation of functions government can be removed from the atmosphere of political controversy and set to practical tasks. But the first step is to make the House of Commons representative of the electorate.

Shadowland

mon sorrow and that bond of sympathy might link them closely together.

So up to the ward this girl and I walked, and a moment later the introduction had been effected. I am sure that the mother, at any rate, quickly divined the relationship, for she smiled, rather a sad smile, as she said, "Any friend of my boy's we are glad to know."

I LEFT them all there together and before the close of the day that girl had won her way into the family circle.

Matthew Railton had been still and silent for four days before a partial consciousness returned to him. During that time he had never once been left by his loved ones. They took it in turn to relieve one another, and it was his mother and sister who were keeping vigil when his eyes slowly opened.

"Mother—Muriel—," he whispered. Then his eyes wandered around. "Where's dad?" he asked. "He's just outside, dear. He'll be back soon," said his mother. Then she added quietly, "And someone else you know is waiting, too."

A look of surprise came into the patient's eyes, and then his face lighted up. "Vera," he

said; "thank God you are all here—together." For nearly a day Matthew Railton's spirit remained in shadowland. But now and again his eyes would open wide and he would give his waiting, watching loved ones a smile of recognition. During one of these moments his gaze fixed itself upon his girl. Then he called her by name.

She bent over him and whispered something into his ear. "Of course I will," he replied, and there was a new strength in his voice. "What does he mean?" asked his mother eagerly. And the girl answered, "I told him we all need him, and that he must soon get well again."

AS I write there lies before me the "Daily Report of Patients in the Hospital." Hurriedly I turn to the ward where Matthew Railton is a patient, and I scan the page until I reach the number of his bed. Alongside there is written, "Still poorly, but making satisfactory progress."

In a hospital it is dangerous to prophesy, but this time I think I am on safe ground when I say that before many months have passed an engagement will be announced, and the interested parties will be our hospital patient and the girl who brought him a beautiful bouquet.

In Sunshine Ward

by PHILIP INMAN



Colgate's Penetrating Lather Softens the Beard at the Base

Water is the real beard softener. Lather is the means of holding it against the beard until every hair is saturated.

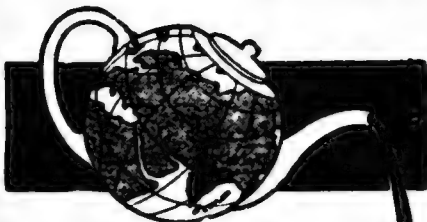
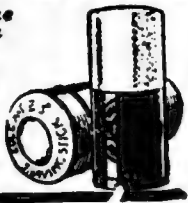
Colgate's lather is made up of millions of tiny water-filled bubbles. They soak your beard soft at the base where the razor's edge works. "Razor pull" disappears. You get a quick, close shave and your skin is left clean and comfortable throughout the day.

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TAVERNER THE TRICKSTER HUMBUGGING THE HOMELESS

A Cod from Fishponds

THE time has now come for an end to be made of one of the most impudent investment ramps that have been foisted on the public for many a day.

William Taverner is the name of the principal, and his scheme is worked jointly through two concerns called Quarterly Dividends, Limited, and National House Purchase, Ltd.

They are described by Taverner himself as "THE GREATEST, THE SAFEST AND THE BEST Thrift Fund ever formed for assisting the working classes to rise, at least to a position of comfort, if not independence, in later life."

When a man makes claims such as this he invites investigation. We have done so in Taverner's case, and in the opinion of financial experts his present scheme must collapse.

Spell-bound dupes

Taverner is no ordinary financial schemer. He is a man of considerable gifts and infinite ingenuity. He is an orator and has a fine command of Biblical quotations.

He works mainly from the platform, counting on the fascination of his own plausible personality, rather than on the matter-of-fact appeal of the printed word.

His spell-bound dupes are not only to be found throughout the length and breadth of Great Britain. So far afield has the fame of William spread that he is now receiving remittances from such far-flung posts of Empire as Natal, Montreal and India.

At a public meeting in the Central Hall, Westminster, London, Taverner explained at length the system of "THE GREATEST, THE SAFEST AND THE BEST Thrift Fund." He commenced the proceedings with prayer. He always does.

And unless one combines the gift of a statistician with the financial experience of a governor of the Bank of England, Taverner's prayers are decidedly necessary if light is to be shed on some very dark places.

How it all works out

We are told that Quarterly Dividends, Ltd., plus National House Purchase, Ltd., make "the greatest earthly help to alleviating the hardships of life" of which we have ever heard.

The poorest person who starts with £1 in the scheme cannot help attaining to affluence "if God spares his life for a reasonable number of years." We are also told that the scheme is "philanthropic and not commercial."

Let us see where the philanthropy comes in. After wading through a mass of calculations, percentages, hypothetical investment figures and equally hypothetical estimates, we find that it all boils down to this:

You invest money, say £1, in Quarterly Dividends, Ltd. You thereby become entitled to certain dividends paid quarterly; but before

these pleasant little remittances are received, you must also put £1 in National House Purchase, Ltd.

The Taverner staff of book-keepers then get busy, and credit 10s. of the House Purchase money to the account of Quarterly Dividends and another 10s. to a reserve fund.

The first 10s. is ear-marked for the purpose of paying the quarterly dividends in Quarterly Dividends, Ltd., to the early depositors.

Do not imagine from this that at the end of the first three months you will commence to get something back for the investment. Mr.



William Taverner

Taverner does not work on such simple arithmetical lines.

Financial jugglery

He starts off with a great, big bamboozle. A condition of the investment in House Purchase is that you borrow, on paper, a sum equivalent to ten times the amount of your investment in this second string of the mystery scheme.

That is, for the £1 which we assume you have put in House Purchase, you must borrow a sum of £10. The dividends as they fall due to yourself under Quarterly Dividends are employed in the repayment of the £10 which you have borrowed.

But the £10 loan is not, of course, paid over in hard cash. It is kept safely in Mr. Taverner's books. Puzzled as we are by this weird piece of financial jugglery, one fact stands out with startling clarity. You pay your money on the spot to Mr. Taverner, but some time must elapse before Mr. Taverner pays any money back to you!

When of course, the loan, which you never got, is wiped off and you can hold up your head as being a man free of debt, you are entitled to get your dividends and other privileges.

If and when payments cease to come in, however, from new depositors in House Purchase, there won't be anything to come for Quarterly Dividends, unless we draw on the reserve fund already men-

tioned. If that reserve fund were solid, the prospects might not be so bad.

We paid a visit to Mr. Taverner the other day at his very charming residence in Fishponds, Bristol, to satisfy ourselves as to the stability of the reserve fund among other things. We did so at Mr. Taverner's own invitation made some time ago.

Our challenge

The result was disquieting. Although it is definitely stated to be invested in Government and municipal and other securities, he would produce no documents, but talked rather vaguely of certain mortgages on properties whose value was unspecified.

We now challenge him to publish a professionally compiled list of such securities, giving details of what they are and stating their present value.

But in fairness to Mr. Taverner we must remember his claim is "philanthropic and not commercial." Philanthropic to whom?

Here is the story of one poor fellow who had some experience of Taverner's philanthropy. He was a consumptive named Jones, a married man who was compelled to live in a Bristol slum. The doctors told him that his only chance was to remove to more healthy surroundings.

He looked round for a decent place without success. A ray of hope came in the following advertisement in the local Press: "New houses for sale, £75; immediate possession; rent 5s. per week."

Answering this, Jones got in touch with one of Taverner's representatives, who told him that £75 would secure possession of a house.

He drew all his savings from the bank and paid the money. Then he was told that he would have to join the "Society," namely, Quarterly Dividends, Ltd., for which he paid a further guinea. The £75 was to be put into the House Purchase Company, and he was to "borrow" £750 under the scheme which we have outlined.

Sufficient warning

He thought the deposit was to purchase a house, but half of it, at least, went to swell the funds of Quarterly Dividends, Ltd., and the other half to the reserve fund.

Later Jones saw a paragraph of warning in JOHN BULL, and consulted a solicitor who issued a writ against the Taverner company.

The poor fellow died before the case came on, but his evidence had been taken on commission and Taverner eventually had to refund the money with the addition of £60 odd in costs.

There is much that might be said about Taverner's finance, but it will suffice to remind our readers that some years ago he was given fifteen months' imprisonment in connection with a concern called the Old Age Pension Trust which went smash in 1918 with huge liabilities.

The warning is good enough.

GRAVE ASYLUM REVELATIONS

SANE VICTIMS OF OFFICIALDOM

Ready-made Lunatics

IT is the plain duty of the Government to put an end to the lunatic administration of the lunacy laws. Last year an influential Royal Commission, presided over by Mr. R. F. Macmillan, K.C., issued a report proposing drastic changes, but apparently this important social document has been pigeon-holed and forgotten.

The evidence available establishes beyond all question two damning conclusions:

Under the existing law it is fatally easy for a sane person to be certified as mad and imprisoned for an indefinite term in a lunatic asylum.

Asylum treatment is too often unskilled, unscientific, unintelligent. Its effect in too many cases is to aggravate rather than alleviate maladies of the mind.

A national blot

In placing our readers abreast of our investigations into this painful scandal we desire to enlist their aid towards wiping out a blot on this country's reputation for civilisation and justice.

In 1925 a married woman was released on temporary leave from a Lancashire asylum, where she had been detained as a private patient for two and a half years. In her interval of freedom she obtained the certificates of no less than five prominent mental specialists declaring her to be entirely sane.

Yet in spite of this, owing to the insistence of her husband, at whose instigation she had been originally certified, she was forcibly conveyed back to the asylum, where the medical superintendent, with five doctors' certificates to warn him, received and detained her again.

Two months later the Board of Control ordered her release.

Magisterial scandal

It transpired that the husband had during the course of their married life repeatedly ill-used her, having upon one occasion been prosecuted at the local police-court.

Couple this with the fact that everyone who visited her in the asylum pronounced her to be entirely normal, and the case stands out as a clear example of the ease with which the present law can be perverted to the uses of spite and ill-will.

Remember, that the certificates of two doctors—in certain cases, even of one—and a magistrate's order are sufficient to procure a patient's detention in a lunatic asylum.

Not long ago it was reported to the Hastings Board of Guardians that a woman had been received into the Hellingly (Sussex) Asylum without the committing magistrate having ever seen her at all.

Six weeks later she was discharged, it being frankly admitted by the medical staff that she had shown no traces of insanity while under their expert observation.

One of the most painful cases that have come under our notice is that of a London man, released just over twelve months ago, after seventeen years of asylum imprisonment.

The original complaint against this patient lodged by his wife was that he had behaved with gross indecency towards herself and her daughter.

From the outset the husband strenuously denied the charge, insisting, sanely enough, that it should be



Sir Frederick Willis, K.B.E., Chairman of the Board of Control, which should have wider powers for the control of asylums

made the subject of fair and open enquiry in the police-court.

Instead, the wife preferred to pour her salacious account of what was alleged to have happened into the too-receptive ears of the family doctor, and the patient was in due course certified as a sexual maniac.

Yet in seventeen long years of asylum observation this man never betrayed the faintest trace of the vile propensities which were the pretext for herding him with lunatics of the worst type.

From time to time it seemed that the authorities were on the point of ordering his release, but on each occasion the wife successfully intervened.

Criminal laxity

So the years dragged on until in 1925 the Royal Commission began its round of visits to the asylum, when the poor fellow was instantly discharged.

Since regaining his liberty he has never made the least attempt to molest his wife and has betrayed no symptom of mental derangement, but has worked steadily at his employment.

Commencing Next Week:

"THE FOUR JUST MEN AGAIN"

by EDGAR WALLACE.

It is clear that the grossest laxity prevails, both in regard to certification and to the re-examination of patients who, in the judgment of their friends, are fit for release.

Meanwhile, what sort of a life is that which patients lead in what ought to be humane and well-conducted hospitals for the cure of sick minds?

What goes on secretly

From time to time the official reports of the Board of Control have given details of the conviction and punishment of asylum attendants for the cruel treatment of patients.

As an experienced asylum doctor told the Royal Commission: "The doctors do not know what goes on behind their backs. When I was an asylum doctor, I did not see anything cruel or brutal. The doctors never do. But I have abundant testimony since of the brutal callousness, indifference and heartlessness of the system."

Frequently, the first public disclosure of these horrors is to the coroner, whose duty it is to enquire into the death of an asylum patient.

Only a few weeks ago a patient named Samuel Kendrew, sixty-one years of age, died in the West Riding Mental Hospital at Wakefield, the cause of death being medically certified as pneumonia following upon three fractured ribs.

In spite of a searching investigation, the cause of these injuries remains a mystery, although the jury felt justified in returning a verdict that the broken ribs were "caused by violence by some person unknown."

This is the third case at the Wakefield Asylum in which patients have died from mysterious injuries whose origin, owing to conflicting evidence, it has been found impossible to trace.

A terrible report

That many of the sufferers are not mad, but sane, is incontestable.

It was Dr. Forbes Winslow, one of the most distinguished mental specialists in the country, who declared: "I have no hesitation in saying that at the present day there are amongst those incarcerated in asylums quite half the number who could be well managed outside. Many a case curable in its nature has become chronic by being placed among lunatics."

A widow woman detained in a London asylum alleged that one of the nurses had banged her head against a wall. Although for years afterwards she complained of pains in the head, her miseries were dismissed by the authorities as an insane delusion.

At long last friends obtained her discharge. A surgeon was at once consulted who diagnosed extensive disease of the cranial bone!

There are 120,000 people in British lunatic asylums. Can we with an easy conscience resign them to their present fate?

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HUMAN DOCUMENTS



"I thought I should go Mad"

The great misery of Neurasthenia is graphically described in this letter from Mr. F. J. Stevenson, of 5, Stamford Street, Ratby, nr. Leicester. He writes:—

"I feel it is my duty to write to you and state the great benefit I have received by the use of your nerve tablets. It is nearly unbelievable what a rapid cure my case was after taking your tablets. I was a physical wreck two years ago, for I had an awfully bad nervous breakdown caused through worry and bereavement. I could rest nowhere, life was a burden to me. Doctors said it was Neurasthenia. I thought I should go really mad. After taking a good course of your tablets I began to improve and eat. I now weigh 12 stone, 9 lbs., and I cannot praise your tablets enough."

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are an invaluable treatment for all nerve troubles, from headaches to neurasthenia.

Sole distributors: Veno Drug Co. (1925) Ltd.
—your guarantee of purity.

Dr. Cassell's 1/3 TABLETS 3/4

TAKE IT FROM ME!

REAMS WITHOUT REASON

Tons of "Paper" Money—"Done" by the State—
The "£" in Sick-leave

ONE of those painstaking statisticians with a passion for calculating how many dead hogs would be required to pave a route from Wigan to Whitehall, or how many long beers would have to be piled end on end to reach to the top of the Nelson Monument, might exercise his ingenuity in working out how many tons of cold mutton could be wrapped up in the numerous official reports printed at the taxpayers' expense in the course of a year.

Week by week, month after month, they are churned out—Blue Books, White Papers, minutes and proceedings of commissions and committees, and reports on this, that and the other.

One day last week seven such efforts were launched upon a cold world within a few hours, and a few hours later copies of them had found their way into editorial waste-paper baskets throughout the country.

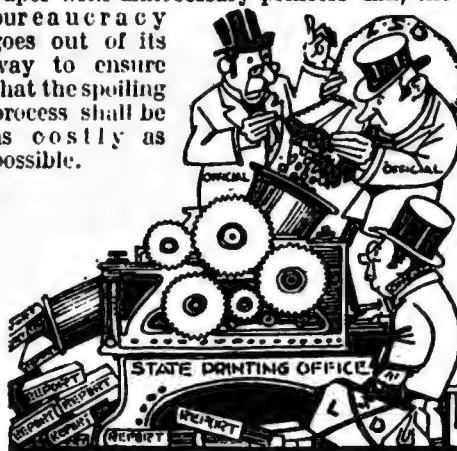
These documents—the compiling of which represented heaven knows how many months of work for (Whitehall knows) how many officials—dealt with Industry in America, State Printing Establishments, the Treatment of Young Offenders, the Indian Sandhurst, the Census of Production, the Army Appropriation Account and Building Prices.

This vast conglomeration of facts, figures, fancies, comments, suggestions and recommendations is sufficient to give mental indigestion for a lifetime to the entire population; but, fortunately, the population refrains from reading Government reports almost as enthusiastically as the Government refrains from acting upon them.

So deeply rooted is this report-issuing mania that the Government Printing Office has even issued a report on its own shortcomings. This reveals an enormous and steadily progressive increase in the nation's printing bill.

In 1900 taxpayers had to find £600,030 for Government printing; in 1912 the amount had risen to £1,077,708; while in 1925 it took a further leap to £1,563,809.

Not content with spoiling good white paper with unnecessary printers' ink, the bureaucracy goes out of its way to ensure that the spoiling process shall be as costly as possible.



The money-eating machine!

Out of thirty-six contracts issued for tender by the Stationery Office in November and December, 1921 (the explanation of these somewhat ancient dates is that the committee which has just issued this report was appointed four years ago!), only one was secured by Government works, because trade tenders were lower.

By June, 1923, the Stationery Office had become so peeved with the monotonous way in which trade printers tendered at lower prices that they took to placing contracts with their own works without inviting tenders.

At present about one-third of the Government's printing is produced on its own premises and the taxpayer has to foot the bill, although nine times out of ten the work could be done more cheaply by the trade.

To turn from the report on State printing to the report on the Army Appropriation Account is merely to exchange one record of official ineptitude and extravagance for another.

Here, for instance, is a yarn which would almost certainly be sniffed at as too improbable if offered as a three-act farce. Under both War Office and Air Ministry regulations the maximum period of full-pay sick-leave in respect of the same disability is eighteen months.

This limit, however, does not apply where the leave is interrupted by a return to duty for a continuous period of eighteen months in the case of a War Office man or two months for one under the Air Ministry.

An officer who had almost exhausted his Army sick-leave was transferred to the Air Force and retransferred later to the Army, receiving a chunk of sick-leave in each period, with the result that in less than four and a half years his sick-leave (on full pay) amounted to three years and two months.

Also, as full-pay sick-leave counts toward gratuity, this lucky but expensive invalid qualified in July, 1926, instead of February, 1928, for a gratuity of £1,000, with an addition of £100 for each further year of service!

This is what happens when three overstuffed Ministries, each with a different set of regulations, are maintained to do work which would be more efficiently performed by a single Defence Ministry.

This reform was long ago made the subject of yet another of those jolly official reports which cost such a mint of money, but the pigeon-holes of Whitehall must by now be so shockingly congested that it would probably be necessary to appoint an Extra Select Committee to ascertain the whereabouts of this document.

The Sentence of the Court

THE SQUALL OF THE WILD

Front Bench Frenzy

CHARGED with insulting language and disorderly conduct, George Lansbury struck an attitude suggestive of Ajax defying the lightning, the thunder, the Speaker, and other odds and ends.

"Although it is generally admitted that his bark is worse than his bite," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "the manner in which the accused has recently attempted, so to speak, to launch his bark on the troubled waters of Chinese affairs calls for severe disapprobation."

"The Chinese situation is sufficiently difficult without being made more so by persons whose lungs are stronger than their intellects, and who say more than they mean in such a way that they may be thought in certain quarters abroad to mean even more than they say."

"The accused, besides being an M.P.,

is a Socialist, a philanthropist, a pacifist, a dogmatist and a journalist."

"In the latter capacity he published a statement that the Conservative Party was responsible for the 'massacres at Nanking,' and, not content with offering this libel in cold print, he proceeded to translate it into hot air by yelling 'Murderers' at Ministers in the House."

"If this stunt George in his search for dragons had been less eager to assume that the British representatives in China were liars and to accept the misrepresentations of hostile factions as models of veracity, he might not have opened his mouth so soon."

"As it was, he could only seek to show that he had the courage of his misconceptions by becoming more noisy, answering explanations by telling the Government Whip to 'Mind your own business,' and shouting at a Minister, 'Keep your mouth shut!'"

Mr. Strawsplitter urged that his client's youth should be taken into consideration. No longer young in years, he was still the Peter Pan of politics—a boy who refused to grow up. In this instance his indignation had got the better of his

discretion, but, more often than not, his hot-headedness was the outcome of his warm-heartedness.

"The evidence in this case," said Mr. Justice Bull, "goes to show that grey hairs may sometimes conceal a plentiful lack of grey matter. The virtuous indignation of this pacifist friend of the enemies of peace appears to be as capricious as it is chronic, for while the killing of six Chinese is a 'massacre,' the murder of three British soldiers, which preceded it, is apparently a trifle lighter than hot-air."

"When shouts of 'Murderers' and 'Keep your mouth shut' are substituted for argument, reason is dethroned by rant."

"Truth is a stranger to this sort of friction, and even opponents of the Government's China policy are made to feel that there is nothing left to do but to read the Lansburial service over the corpse of common-sense."

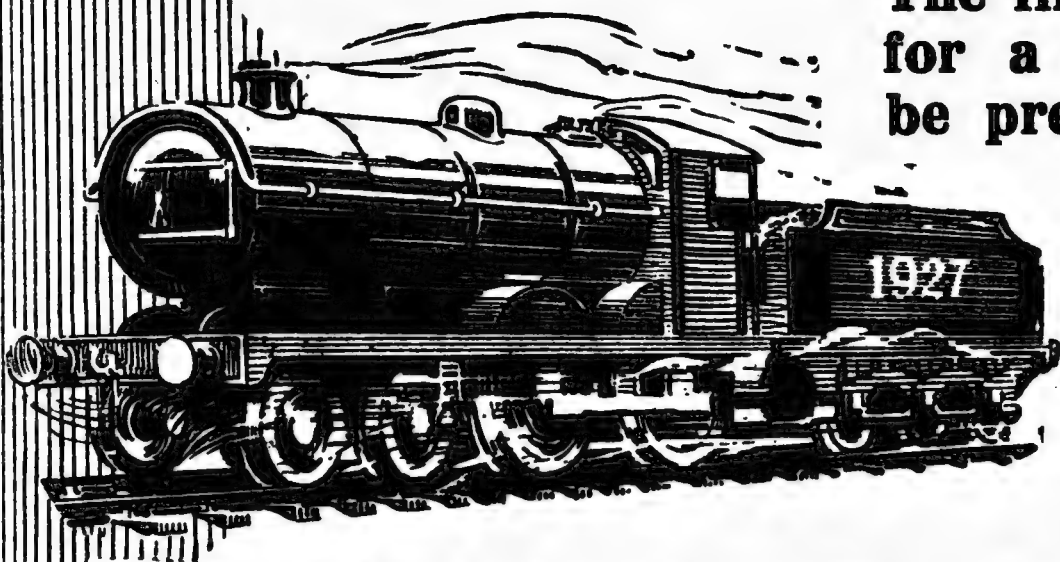
"Since this Opposition Front-Bencher seems unable to conform to Front Bench standards of decorum, he must take a back seat for the remainder of the session."



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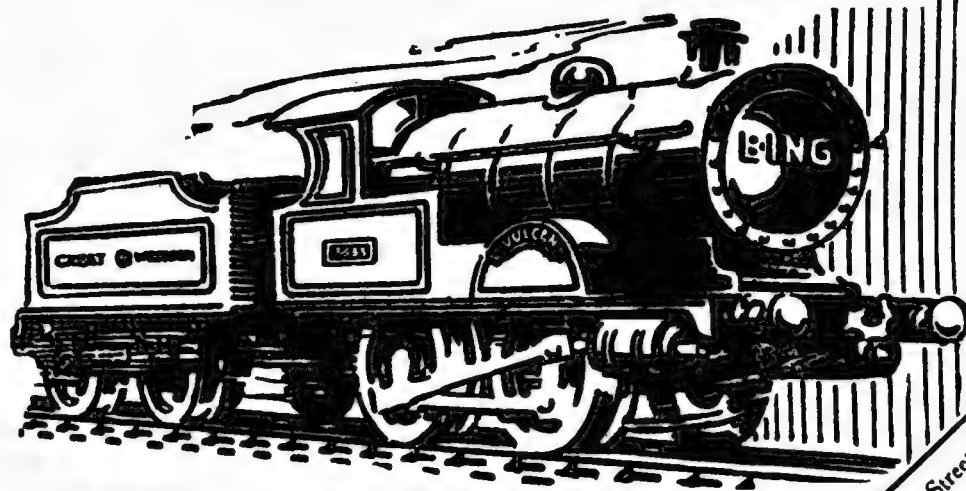
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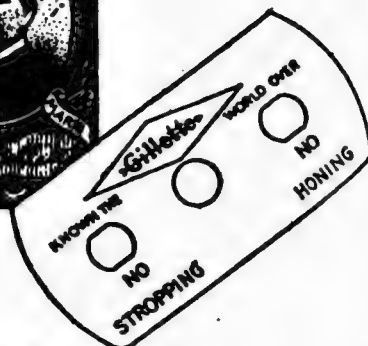
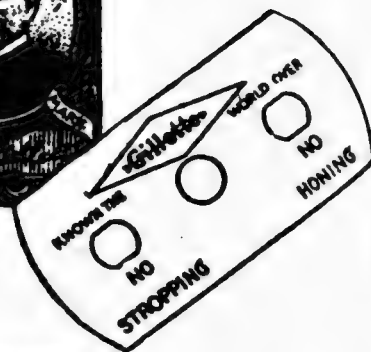
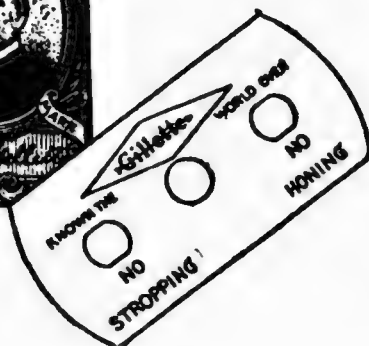
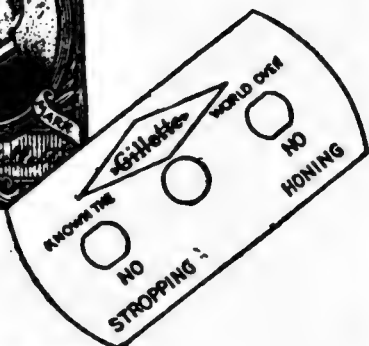
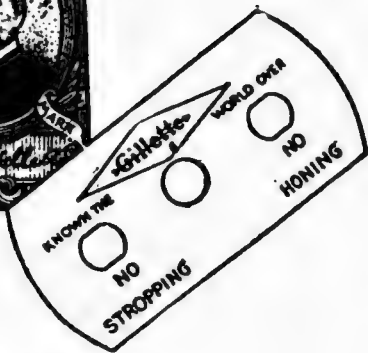
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Words Winged to Women

THE BEST BEDTIME STORY.

by MABEL HORNER

"WHOSOEVER shall offend one of these little ones it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck and he be cast into the depths of the sea." A more appalling fate awaits the nations if they do not heed the call of the children to-day

LISTEN! On May 18 put on your earphones, sit in humiliation and quietness, and you shall hear a wonder. May 18 is Goodwill Day. At that time a few men and women, scattered all over the world, who believe in their hearts that the horror which broke out in 1914 need never be repeated, will put away all thoughts of bitterness, and think of the ideals of the League of Nations.

The terrible irony is that while the few are doing this the many still believe that their salvation lies in the opposite direction. Warships are scurrying about the world, bombs are dropping, and statesmen are still heard proclaiming that in preparations for war lies the only hope of security for women and children!

"The Chemical Warfare Committee," says a military expert, "as shown in the Army List, is not in any way relaxing its activities since the white dove, hatched out at Locarno, began to fly over the earth. This being so, one may be fairly sure that in no other country is there any slackening off in these preparations by men to poison their fellow-men when the next 'day' comes along."

Hatred and murder

Horrid fear still grips the nations by the throat. But there is another fact, equally true, that is not stated. I accuse the newspapers of this country of deliberately suppressing news of it, or making nothing of its portent.

Against this all-devouring monster of fear, there is marching an angelic host. It took its rise in the gallant little Principality of Wales.

There, at Llandrindod Wells, at Whiteside, 1922, the Rev. Gwilym Davies suggested that a message of good-will from the children of Wales to the children of every other country should be broadcast. Children in their thousands in every country responded to the idea of helping on "World Friendliness" without which "World Peace" is but an empty dream.

"We boys and girls of the Principality of Wales," they declared, "on this 28th day of June, 1922, the third anniversary of the signing of the Covenant of the nations, greet with a cheer the boys and girls of every other country under the sun."

"Will you, millions of you, join in our prayer that God will bless the efforts of the good men and women of every race and people who are doing their best to settle the old quarrels without fighting?"

"Then there will be no need for any of us, as we grow older, to show our pride for the country in which we were born by going out to hate and to kill one another." Three cheers for the Covenant of the League of



The Rev. Gwilym Davies, M.A., Chairman of the Welsh School Service

Nations, the friend of every mother, the protector of every home, and the Guardian Angel of the Youth of the World."

By permission of the Postmaster-General, this message, at first sent out only from Leathfield Wireless Station, is now broadcast yearly on a wave-length of world range.

France has repeated it from the Eiffel Tower; Sweden is promulgating the good will among her own children for all she is worth; Belgium, Switzerland, Portugal, Spain, Holland and Germany have welcomed the idea of world friendliness with enthusiasm.

Life or death

The children of Finland have responded to it with much joy, and in the Dominions teachers do everything to further the idea. American newspapers have given publicity to the children's message by printing it across the most important pages in big type and two languages.

Let our hearts be stilled this year as we listen to the children's plea, for they broadcast the truth. Either we must take their sane and simple way of friendliness, or live under such a burden of fear, taxation and preparation for destruction as shall render the days intolerable until humanity is shattered into dust.

The issues are tremendous. The fact that every man and woman does not realise it is the miracle of the age. The children plead for LIFE, and they who are not wholeheartedly with them in deed as well as word are deliberately willing them to DEATH.

Maniacs of the Knife

by The DUCHESS OF HAMILTON AND BRANDON

UNDER the express sanction of the law, in the supposed interests of science, dumb animals are being exposed to tortures which, if they were not specially licensed by the Home Office, would expose those responsible to prosecution and punishment in the police-courts.

The alleged advantages of these experiments on animals in the treatment of human diseases prove, on examination, to be nothing better than a myth.

The total number of experiments on living creatures performed in one year, according to an official return published in 1925, was 177,815, and there were 1,042 persons licensed to conduct such experiments in 243 registered laboratories.

The cruelties involved in vivisection were the subject of close enquiry by a Royal Commission appointed in 1906, when Home Office inspectors of registered laboratories, and several licensed experimenters, gave evidence clearly pointing to the scientific torture of living animals.

Among others, Dr. Pembrey, Lecturer

on Physiology at Guy's Hospital, told the Commission that "painful experiments were necessary," and added, "I admit that I have done painful experiments and I am not ashamed of admitting it."

MR. THIANE, then Chief Inspector under the Vivisection Act, had found animals in "severe shock and very ill when kept alive after the greater part of the two kidneys had been cut away or when deprived of important glands," and had observed "great pain and suffering" after the injection of animals with drugs or with the germs of torturing diseases.

Another Home Office inspector, Sir James Russell, had also found animals in great pain after injection with disease.

Remember, these are not the conclusions of opponents of vivisection, but the cold admissions of scientific witnesses and of officials under the Act.

The Vivisection Act sets limits to the cruelties which may be inflicted in the name of science, but in the vast majority of cases the enforcement of the law's provisions is left to the conscience of individuals in whom scientific enthusiasm and the zeal for research have too often swallowed up the impulses of mercy and compassion.

Many people have a comfortable feeling that experiments on living animals are invariably conducted on properly anaesthetised subjects—that is to say, that the unhappy creature is rendered insensible by means of some stupefying drug.

True, the Act of 1876 which sanctions these experiments provides that "the animal must, during the whole of the

Experiment, be under the influence of some anæsthetic of sufficient power to prevent it from feeling pain."

This clause, however, the result of pressure by the humane feelings of the public, is rendered of little or no value by the following wide-reaching exception:

"Experiments may be performed without anæsthetics on such certificates being given as in this Act mentioned that insensibility cannot be produced without necessarily frustrating the object of such experiments."

Here again, of course, the vivisector himself, hardened in many cases by a long course of laboratory practice upon living creatures, is to be the sole judge of the allowability of experimenting without taking means to deaden pain.

REFERRING once again to the 1925 return, the latest available, we find that in only 9,162 experiments were anæsthetics used, the huge total of 168,653 operations being conducted without anæsthetics of any sort or kind.

Also, there is a great deal of evidence to show that even where anæsthetics are employed, they are frequently of a sort no surgeon would dream of using in operations on the human body, producing only partial unconsciousness.

Indeed, many vivisectors have stated that certain experiments cannot be "successful" if performed on fully anaesthetised animals.

Who can read of such cold-blooded "scientific" torture without a feeling of indignation that such things should be permitted under cover of the law?



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HUMAN DOCUMENTS



15 Years of Torture from Neuritis

This letter from Mrs. Crawford, 19, Maskill Street, Fernhill, Bury, Lancs., brings encouragement and hope to every sufferer from nerve pains. She writes:—

"I have been a sufferer for over 15 years with Neuritis and Nervous Breakdowns, and could not get about the house for months together, the pain being so bad I could not sleep night or day. I was hardly ever free from Headaches and Neuralgia, but after giving Dr. Cassell's a good trial I was a different woman altogether. I am now doing my own housework and washing, which I have not been able to do for years. Dr. Cassell's are a wonderful medicine and I would not be without them for worlds."

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Human Documents

A White Wife Out East
Bad Father's Deserts—The Wayward Girl—A Deferred Will

PROBLEMS that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." The names and addresses of all correspondents are suppressed so that the writers may not be identified. Letters that are too intimate or are not sufficiently general to be helpful to others are answered by post. All correspondents must send stamped, addressed envelopes. Ten shillings is being sent to each of the writers of the first four letters printed.

THIS is a pathetic instance of the rude awakening which awaits white girls who yield to the glib courtship of coloured men of whose social standing and mode of life in their own country they know nothing.

"A few years ago a coloured man went from Burma to Australia for a trip and while there he got himself introduced to a young white girl, the daughter of highly respected parents, to whom he explained that he was a fully qualified professional man holding a good position.

"The two corresponded for some time, and the upshot of the affair was that he paid another visit to Australia and married her.

"The young wife discovered from the moment she stepped off the ship that white wives of coloured men are ostracised by European society.

"Her position would have been hard enough to bear if her husband had been everything that he represented himself to be. She found, however, that his story was a tissue of lies. Instead of being a fully-qualified professional man, he was simply a small tradesman with a business on the verge of bankruptcy.

Apparently, on the strength of his marriage and lying stories of his prospects, he borrowed money to the tune of about £2,500, including £1,000 from his wife's brother, and in the light of revelations made when the final crash came, he narrowly escaped criminal proceedings.

"Reduced to abject poverty, the plight of his young white wife was indeed terrible.

"She was practically starving when her condition became known to a few people who gave her assistance and she has been compelled to go out to work herself to provide for her coloured husband and child.

"Your publication of this may avert a repetition of the tragedy. This coloured man's brother is known to be courting a young woman in England, and no doubt he is filling her mind with entirely wrong impressions of the sort of life that awaits her as his wife.

"Do, please, do what you can so that she and others may be warned in time."

"HUMANIST" says: *I sincerely hope that this story of shattered dreams may serve as a warning to any white girl who is in danger of being deluded into marriage with a coloured man. Too often those who ignore such warnings discover that their coloured husbands are deficient in morals as well as in money. It is amazing that parents who should know better should ever permit their daughters to contract such marriages.*

MY mother died a year ago after a painful illness which she had borne as patiently as the terrible life which my father had led her through his habitual drunkenness. One of the sweetest women that ever lived, she died in a Poor Law institution.

Retribution

"My father professed to be heartbroken when he heard that she had passed away, but he was not so heartbroken as to forget the hour at which the public-houses opened, and he was disgustingly drunk on the night of her death.

"He had not done a month's work in the last two years, and my sisters were com-

pelled to leave home at an early age owing to his conduct.

"I have just received a letter from him in which he says he is broken in health, and is in such poverty that he cannot redeem the clothes he has pawned. He begs me to send him money for the purpose, and wishes either to come and live with my husband and myself or for us to go and live with him.

"I am happily married, though I have domestic worries through the illness of my child. I have often stunted myself to try and help my father financially, but nothing I have done has influenced him to keep away from drink.

"My husband is practically a teetotaler and the only pocket-money he has, after working hard all the week, is a few shillings.

"I do not wish to fail in my duty towards my father, but I fear that if he were in the house mine would become the same home of misery as my mother's. Do you think I dare take such a risk?"

"HUMANIST" says: *Frankly I do not. Your first duty is to your husband and to your child. If your father desires to atone for the past, he can do so, and you need not turn him away when you have evidence of his repentance. If he remains a selfish drunkard, it is only retributive justice that he should have to seek refuge in a Poor Law institution.*

I AM a widow with four children. My eldest, a daughter just turned seventeen, has left home just because I asked her to wash up the dinner-plates and has gone to live with her boy's people.

Daughter's Downfall

"He is only sixteen, and I do not like my daughter to be living there, as his mother encourages anyone to stay in the house, and allows her own daughter to stay out all night and bring any boy there.

"I have done all that a good mother can do for her children. I have gone without my own food many times so that she need not be hungry. I have kept her in good clothes, and done my best to bring her up respectable.

"I never have drink in the house, and I have always tried to be at home with my children and make it nice for them.

"I am afraid that if my daughter is left in the hands of the people she has gone to live with she will be disgraced, as others have been who have been sheltered in their house."

"HUMANIST" says: *I can quite understand your anxiety regarding your wayward girl. At her age you have little control over her actions, but if you have reason to believe that she has been lured away from you in circumstances which may lead her into grave moral danger, you should communicate with the National Vigilance Association, 76, Victoria Street, London, S.W. 1.*

Holiday Money

WHEN you are spending your savings on amusement during the holidays, spare a thought for those less fortunate who cannot look forward to a pay-day, and send a small percentage, a sort of voluntary amusement-tax, to "The Greatest of These —" Fund. (See page 34.)

MY mother is the sole owner of a fairly successful business, but through ill health for several years now she has had to give up active work in the shop. Both my brother and I were training for professional careers, but we gave up our training in order that the business should not be abandoned.

Dangerous De'ay

"My mother's health has not improved, and now the doctors tell us that at any time she may pass away in her sleep.

"My father holds a position abroad, but he has never supported his wife and family, holding that my mother's business provides sufficient for the purpose.

"My mother has always said that she desired to leave the business to my brother and myself in half shares, but she resolutely refuses to make a will, declaring that there is plenty of time.

"If she should die intestate my father would sell the whole concern and give us just what we might be entitled to by law out of the estate and no more.

"The present success of the business is due largely to our own efforts, and it is very disheartening to feel that we may lose all benefit from our work through my mother's refusal to make a will."

"HUMANIST" says: *Much as your mother may dislike the suggestion that it is a matter of urgency for her to make a will, it is everybody's duty, in sickness or in health, to make arrangements to ensure that their wishes will be carried out if the unexpected should happen. If she died intestate your father could legally do what he proposes, so that if you cannot persuade her you had better abandon the business and resume training for your careers.*

Better Late Than Never

"For nearly thirty years I have lived as the wife of a man to whom I am not married. I have voted in his name, and am insured in his name. He is at last free to marry me, but I am afraid I may get into trouble through having passed myself off as his wife all these years."

"Humanist" says: *I see no reason why you should worry. It is a matter for congratulation that the man you love can now become legally your husband. Your marriage certificate should supply a sufficient answer to any question.*

A House of Shame

"I have taken two unfurnished rooms in a house which I have discovered is being used by the landlady for improper purposes. It is not very nice for my wife and child to hear visitors arriving and departing all night long, but housing accommodation in this locality is so scarce that I don't know what to do."

"Humanist" says: *Report the circumstance to the local authority. If the place is being conducted as a house of ill-fame, proceedings can be taken against your landlady, and no doubt efforts will be made to find you accommodation elsewhere.*

D'shonest Relations

"I have lent a lot of money to relations who were in need, and now that I am widowed and very poorly off myself, they refuse to return the money. What can I do with them?"

"Humanist" says: *It is dishonest to refuse to pay just debts, and the fact that the people who owe you money are relations only makes the matter worse. If they have means to pay, sue them in the county court.*

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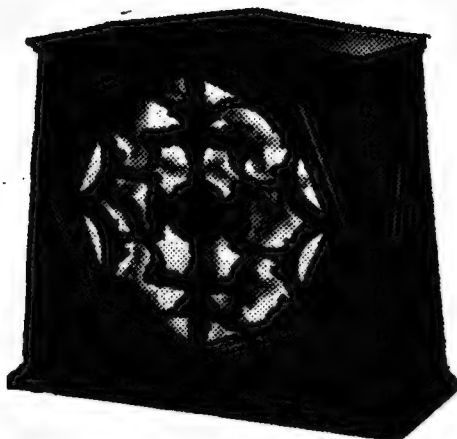
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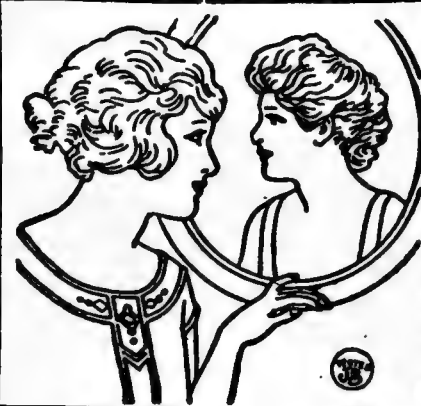


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In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects. Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

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Your present method may suit you well. But still there may be a better one. This test may mean much to you in comfort. Send the coupon before you forget.

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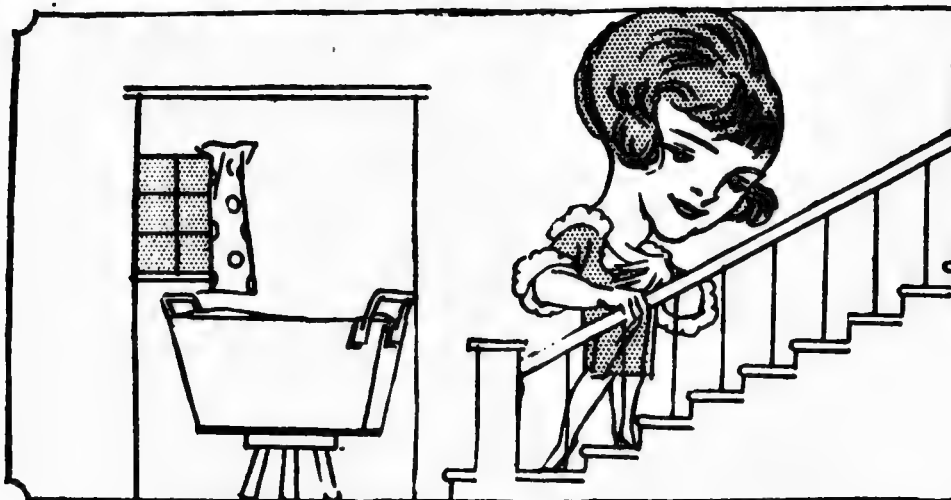
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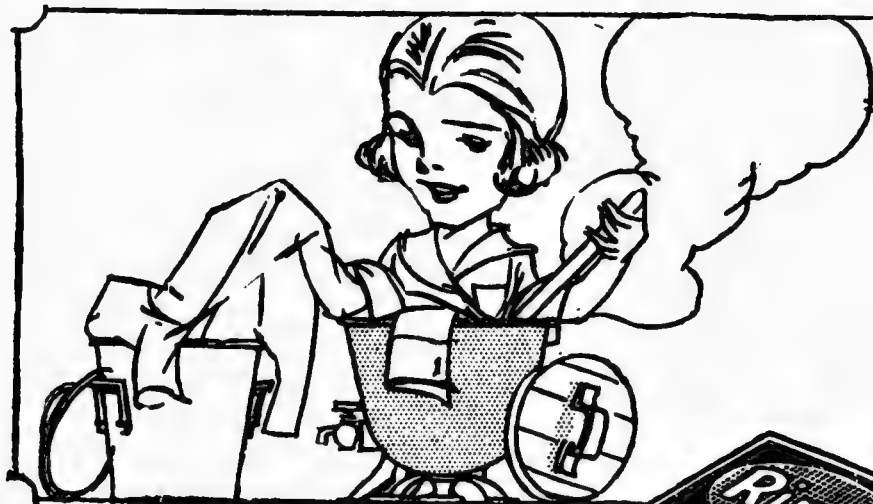
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1. Mrs. Jones is rather delicate. Heavy work tires her easily, so she takes advantage of the fact that Rinso and cold water will do the washing overnight.



2. Mrs. Brown is healthy and strong and likes to do things herself, but she also likes to save time. With Rinso and hot water she soon has the washing out of the way.



3. Mrs. Robinson is neither delicate nor specially strong, but she believes in saving energy, and you will find her on washday leaving a lot of the work to the boiler and Rinso.



Rinso

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COLD OR HOT OR BOILING

Our Letter Parliament

The Jack-and-Jill Jangle

Bleeding the Thrifty—The Blind Eye—Scandalous Wages

MR. A. G. GARDINER'S suggestion, in JOHN BULL of April 2, of raising the voting age for everybody to twenty-five is worth a good deal of consideration. As I am not twenty-one myself, I can say that the majority of persons I know under twenty-five are not sufficiently stable to have the right to vote. We also have the decision of scientists, that nobody is fully developed mentally until twenty-five.—*Under Age, Gateshead.*

Many Failures!

If every man and woman before being allowed to vote were examined to find out if they knew anything about Britain's politics, need age be taken into consideration at all? As a British subject of eighteen, with a knowledge of economics and very keen on social reform and fair play, I dislike the thought of having to wait seven years before I can help choose those who govern us.—*Irene E. Gaggioli, Surrey.*

The Sex Battle

To concede the vote to men at twenty-one and to withhold it from women is to deny the just principle of intellectual and political equality to both sexes. The true remedy is to make citizenship and political history a compulsory educational subject.—*B. W., Enfield.*

Futile Fears

Women are thought fit enough to be mothers of the race and to manage homes at twenty-one. Their experience as home-keepers gives them a better understanding of practical politics than many men of the same age, and it would be a scandal if any old wives' fears kept them from enfranchisement.—*M. A., London.*

Too Young—Too Old

Mr. A. G. Gardiner advocates the raising of the age test for voting to twenty-five for everybody, rather than the admission of women of twenty-one to the register. Most employers to-day regard a man as "too old at forty," so that it would appear the most responsible and discretionary part of our lives is to be limited to fifteen short years.—*W. G. Dobson, Pembroke Dock.*

A Sorry Use

Having studied the question, I have come to the conclusion that the extension of the franchise to mere girls would prove more of a drawback than a blessing to the nation at large, as in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the vote would be unused or misused. We have quite enough youths making a sorry use of the vote as it is, without adding their sisters to the number.—*Senex, Elgin.*

Greybeard Cynics

At twenty-one a man is legally responsible for his actions, so he should have the right to say who will govern him. At eighteen he is worthy of a bayonet, and apparently unworthy of a vote until he is twenty-five. The cynicism of the greybeards who control our destinies calls for an extension of the vote to younger people rather than a limitation.—*C. W. M., Birkenhead.*

Youth's Chance

Mr. A. G. Gardiner's condemnation of the proposed franchise extension is altogether contrary to the real JOHN BULL spirit, which has consistently encouraged young people to take a deeper interest in political affairs. That this policy has been effective cannot be denied, as note the paper's popularity, the high percentage of votes cast at recent elections, the widespread creation of organisations for youth, and their value to the nation's social and economic life.—*Twenty-and-Two, Glasgow.*

Brief to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited. 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication. Envelopes must be marked "Letter Parliament."

The Great Betrayal

Mr. E. Roffe Thompson's article, "If the Dead Returned," brought to my mind again a cross I saw out in France. On it these words were inscribed, "Ye who pass this monument tell England we died content." I imagine some of my old comrades pointing fingers of scorn and saying, "Ye have betrayed us." The spirit of comradeship that was allowed to disappear after the war is the greatest betrayal since Judas.—*W. M. G., Pelton.*

Bring Them to Book!

"Woodbine Willie," in his article, "Rank, Barfaced Fraud," says he has no spite against the insurance agents; neither have the public, or they would not do business with them. Therefore, in my opinion, in the interests of the public and for the interests of the agents alike, the agents, through their union secretaries, should force the whole matter, and bring pressure to bear on the heads of the companies publicly to refute the statements made or allay the minds of the hundreds of thousands of policy-holders. To refuse to pay any more would lapse more policies, but to refuse to do fresh business is the better way.—*Policyholder, Lancashire.*

A State Du'y

I cannot help thinking that "Woodbine Willie's" article overlooks an important point. Insurance may be an evil, but it is, at least, a very necessary evil. The poorer classes absolutely rely on the insurance money for funeral expenses, and death comes suddenly sometimes. For this reason the suggestion to cease paying premiums and buy savings certificates would be no remedy. A better plan would be for the State to take over the whole business of industrial assurance.—*Ex-Service, Middx.*

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the writer of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS":—"Messrs. ——— received an official intimation that their tender has been accepted."

"EVENING NEWS":—"I am perfectly certain that Douglas was very worried both before his death and AFTER."

"MOTOR CYCLE":—"B.S.A. 1925, 3-speed, clutch, lamps, horn, footboards, accessories; WORTH £8, BARGAIN at £30."

"YORK HERALD":—"A workman yesterday probably lost his WIFE through swallowing his false teeth."

"WEEKLY ADVERTISER":—"Eggs for hatching, 6s. for 13; Chickens 12s. per doz.; ready this week. EVENINGS only or any time during the DAY."

"DAILY EXPRESS" (serial):—"Her smooth BONELESS hands were clasped."

When can bets be declared "off"?

If you are not conversant with Rules on Betting consult the "John Bull" Racing Annual.

PRICE 3d.

Vaccine Perils

As one who has had a miraculous escape from death by bovine tuberculosis, I can fully appreciate JOHN BULL's startling exposure of the dire results often following vaccination. Of course, the doctors did not admit that this dread disease had been inoculated into my system, but the facts of the case spoke for themselves, and I for one shall welcome the day when this harmful practice is finally abolished.—*B. H., Wandsworth.*

Physical Jerks

During the past six months thousands of young men have been discharged from the forces. A percentage of these men are qualified physical training instructors. Why cannot they be absorbed by local unemployment authorities for the training of the youthful element that is now on the "dole"?—*J. P. P., Glam.*

Taxed Twice

"J. S., Cumberland," states that if the profits of co-operative societies were taxed, he would be paying tax twice over on part of the money he earns. He is evidently making the mistake of thinking that these profits would be liable to tax, both when made and also when distributed. This, of course, is not so. The Exchequer would only gain by receiving tax on profits which were not distributed amongst the members. This is at present lost by the country.—*A. C. A., Adelphi.*

Blowing Bubbles

Sir Arthur Steel-Maitland tells us that there will be less unemployment in the near future on account of the declining birth-rate. He further suggests that greater skill and efficiency will be necessary to make up for the shortage of labour. While our Ministers are content to blow bubbles in this shameless fashion, unemployment will remain.—*J. C. Mortimer, Wandsworth.*

Poor Father!

It is so long since "the love of a father" has been recognised by any up-to-date writer that the appearance of such an expression in JOHN BULL, April 2, caused me to wonder if I had picked up a very ancient paper. Reading it in your article, "A Callous Board of Autocrats," took my breath away. I admire your audacity in breaking the rule and showing that fathers may still be regarded as human beings!—*H. J. Simmons, Wilts.*

Betting Hypocrisy

Under the law it is an offence to make a bet by cash except on recognised race-courses. Arrangements are being made for the development of greyhound-racing in London and the big provincial centres, and these include the provision of betting facilities, with full provision for collection of the tax on all bets made. In this way the Chancellor hopes to increase materially the receipts from this much-abused tax. What a farce! Why not have the honesty to legalise cash betting and so remove the stigma on those who indulge in it?—*H. S., London.*

The Miner's "Lot"

I am a married man with three children and my occupation is that of a miner. I have attended the technical college for several years, and am in possession of a second-class manager's certificate. My place of work is eight miles from home, which I travel by bus. I leave home at 6 a.m. and get back again at 5 p.m. I am in a responsible position at the pit and am in charge of several haulage hands. I am responsible for more than ten jobs, and at the end of each shift I have to report. For this work I don't get 30s. weekly.—*Miner, Wigan.*

The Aged and their Diet

THE sluggish circulation of aged persons is due to thickened or over-charged arteries brought about by heavy indigestible foods. Dr. Ridge's Food is light, dainty and wonderfully sustaining, and, because of the Scientific elimination of all harmful elements, it promotes an easy flow of invigorated blood through the system, and helps to keep Gout and Rheumatism at bay. Every person past middle life should make AT LEAST one meal per day of DR. RIDGE'S FOOD. It has a delicious flavour, and many enjoy it with baked apples or stewed fruit as a change from custard and the ordinary milk puddings. As a supper dish there is nothing better for promoting sound sleep, and being free from malt and cocoa, it will not cause biliousness.

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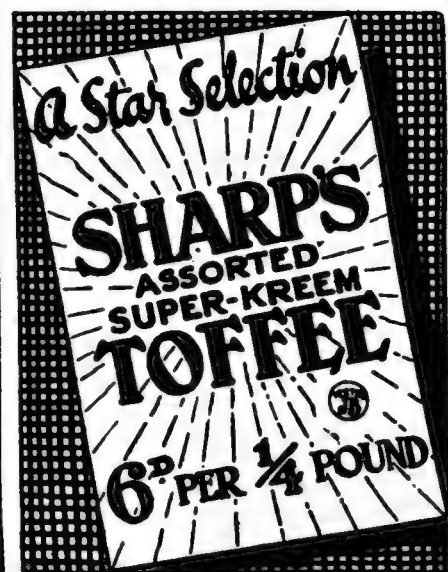
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RACING FOR ALL AT EASTER

Lord Derby should Capture the Queen's Prize at Kempton Park

I HAVE not settled on the meeting which I shall attend on Easter Monday. I think it will be Kempton, with its Queen's Prize, but if George Duller or Steve care to take me as a passenger in either of their aeroplanes, I might consider Manchester, Birmingham, Carlisle, Newcastle, Cardiff, Torquay, or one of the other ten meetings fixed for the Bank Holiday. Easter racing is prolific.

TWELVE months ago I tipped and coded Mendoza for the Queen's Prize, and the grey would have won the race nine times out of ten. His jockey, young Marshall, could not hold him. My selection this year is Lord Derby's Pentland, and I hope for better luck.

AS I predicted at the opening of the season, Frank Butters, the new trainer for the black-and-white stable, has started well, and he owns a useful four-year-old in the gelded son of Torloisk. Pentland rounded off 1926 with a couple of wins over a distance of ground, and he ran third at the recent Warwick meeting.

IT will be a fatal mistake to pay much attention to this last form, as the race was an apprentices' stakes. Tommy Weston can take the mount at Kempton. Of course, Lord Derby may rely on the Liverpool Cup winner, Schiavoni, but this fellow has a 14 lb. penalty to shoulder.



Tommy Weston, who may win the Queen's Prize for Lord Derby

THE tragic death of George Archibald at Newmarket came as a great shock to everyone interested in racing. I met Archibald on and off the course on several occasions, and one could not wish for a straighter sportsman.

HE had a thin time at first when he came over here from the States in 1922, and I believe that this was owing to the fact that he would not row in with some of the jockeys who were not above "cutting up" a race. Although he rode at Lincoln and fairly frequently afterwards, he did not score his first success in this country until he rode Paragon to victory in the City and Suburban.

I UNDERSTAND that Lord Woolavington's champion, Gornach, is to be kept to his middle-distance engagements this season, and this means that he will be tested against the Italian-bred Apelle, who holds a number of liabilities in which the two can meet. Apelle is at present with Perse at Stockbridge. Mr. R. McCreery, who purchased him after the great fight which he put up in the Grand Prix, went to fifteen thousand guineas.

APELLE can be termed a cosmopolitan colt. Mr. McCreery is an American. Perse is Irish, and the breeder, Signor Tesio, hails from the land of the silbo. The colt won the Grand Prix de Milan a week before going for the French Grand Prix, and the general opinion after the latter race was that he would have annexed this too if he had been fighting fit. At the best of times the journey is a trying one, and he was delayed for twenty-four hours on the way. If I were cooped up in a horse-box for any length of time I should not feel like a Grand Prix.

A NUMBER of correspondents have asked me to publish a full list of newly-named horses. As this would occupy the whole of my space, it is, of course, out of the question, and I have referred to "The Horses Who's Who," which appears from time to time in the columns of *The Sporting Life and Sportsman*. However, here are a dozen of the youngsters which ran well on occasions last season:—

Coton (Celandine f.)
Cipla (Norty Gurl f.)
Friar Gray (Friar of Orders Gray)
Friar's Brook (Nantgarw c.)
Kiss and Tell (Discourse f.)
L'Addition (Finger Bowl f.)
Lampighter (Willinda c.)
Miss Pensive (Pensive f.)
Nightfall (Darklin f.)
Quick Return (Scooter c.)
San Romolo (Chestnut Sunday c.)
Soleil d'Or (Fer f.)

ONE of these days when the powers—that be wake up to the fact that it is Tom, Dick and Harry who make racing possible by patronising the meetings and not Lord Tomnoddy who is worth thousands and breeds horses on a lavish scale, they will study them and not allow unnamed horses to run. It may call attention to the horses' pedigrees, but otherwise it is quite unnecessary. In Ireland and France the unnamed horse is not allowed to compete in a race.

ACROBATIC, who ran second to Barkham Square at Lincoln and second to Fiver at Newbury, can be followed with safety, as she is certain to pop up in the near future. According to my racing guide Acrobatic is a brown rig—by Glanmerin out of Rosendaal. A rig is a wanton, so it is evident that Acrobatic needs watching.

BILLY HIGGS, who trains Acrobatic for Mr. Jeffreys, told me last season that he had put a couple of blankets on the four-year-old, fastened them with buckles and muzzled her. Acrobatic freed herself of the lot. She is certainly well named.

THE connections of the German horse Weissdorn decided to give the Doveridge Handicap a miss, because they were of the opinion that the horse would be better suited by the Epsom course and is fairly weighted in the City and

Suburban. Weissdorn is all the better for his race at Lincoln—he finished sixth—and one safe prediction is that he will improve on that form before long.

IT is the easiest thing in the world to be put off your fancy. On the course you intend to back Lazybones, but someone whispers that Flying Feet has a stone in hand, or that the Blower representative is working Hotstuff for all he is worth. Away go your first thoughts, and you have the mortification of seeing Lazybones romp home.

STAY-AT-HOME backers also miss many winners owing to whispered information, but their chief drawback is the unknown jockey who crops up in the list of probable runners and riders. I never let that worry me, as a rider has to register his first winner sooner or later. I have touched on this subject, as I believe that W. Sibbritt is going to have a good season. He was considered a good jockey in Australia, and has come to England on the advice of that super-horseman, Frank Bullock.

A WORD of warning to those lucky individuals who can take advantage of the cheap Easter trips to Paris. The usual trick of unloading forged notes and base silver on strangers is being worked, and gangs find the racecourses patronised by the foreign visitors an easy market. The safest thing to do is to refuse to accept the offer of the stranger who wants to make a deal in currency at terms that seem better than the exchange.

"SILVER RING."

Two coded selections will be given daily in the following papers:—

Sporting Life and Sportsman, Chronicle Mid-day, Sporting Pink, Western Mail, Glasgow Noon Record, Irish Independent, Sporting Man, The Sheffield Mail, Leeds Mid-day Sporting Special, Birmingham Mail.

W T V X G O 3 C S M I N U D

P K E R B Z L Q F 2 A Y H J

How to read the code: In place of the letters or figures advertised in the daily papers read those above or below the line as the case may be. Q E B G Z N would read CALL BOY.

The code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from Wednesday, April 13, to Tuesday, April 19

"Soccer" Selections

WEEK-END COUPS

6 HOME.—Liverpool, Newcastle, Middlesbrough, Preston, Lincoln, Brighton.

5 HOME.—Bolton, Liverpool, Middlesbrough, Millwall, Falkirk.

4 HOME.—Cardiff, Newcastle, Lincoln, Dundee.

3 AWAY.—West Bromwich, Stoke, Plymouth.

3 DRAWS.—Derby v. Huddersfield, Sheffield v. Sunderland, South Shields v. Manchester C.

3 HOME, 2 AWAY.—Middlesbrough, Clapton, Southend, Stoke, Plymouth.

1 HOME, 1 AWAY, 1 DRAW.—Middlesbrough, Aldrie, Stockport v. Nelson.

SPECIAL 5 HOME (LEAGUE I. AND II.).—Liverpool, Newcastle, Clapton, Middlesbrough, Preston.

FORECASTS FOR APRIL 23

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION I.

HOME WINNERS.—Birmingham, Everton, Huddersfield, Sunderland, Tottenham, West Bromwich.

IF YOU'RE NOT READING

"The Sporting Life"

YOU'RE NOT GETTING

THE BEST RACING INFORMATION

2d. On Sale Daily 2d.

AWAY WINNER.—Burnley.

DRAWS.—Blackburn v. Bolton, West Ham v. Newcastle.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION II.

HOME WINNERS.—Barnsley, Darlington, Grimsby, Notts Forest, Portsmouth, Swansea.

AWAY WINNERS.—Notts County, Wolverhampton.

DRAWS.—Blackpool v. Middlesbrough, Manchester C. v. Preston, Reading v. Port Vale.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION III. (Northern).

HOME WINNERS.—Ashington, Bradford, Doncaster, Nelson, New Brighton, Rotherham, Stoke.

AWAY WINNER.—Rochdale.

DRAWS.—Chesterfield v. Stockport, Wrexham v. Barrow.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION III. (Southern).

HOME WINNERS.—Aberdeen, Bristol C., Charlton, Newport, Plymouth, Watford.

AWAY WINNERS.—Exeter, Millwall, Swindon.

DRAWS.—Bournemouth v. Norwich, Queen's Park Rangers v. Merthyr.

THE SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

HOME WINNERS.—Airdrie, Dundee United, Hibernians, Motherwell, Queen's Park, Glasgow Rangers.

AWAY WINNERS.—Aberdeen, Celtic.

DRAWS.—Glasgow v. Hamilton, Kilmarnock v. Cowdenbeath.

BET WITH THE BIG TWO DAVID COPE

ALFRED H. MAURICE, Ltd.
25, North Albion Street,
Glasgow, C.1

LETTERS — LETTERS LETTERS.

Letter commissions accepted
from 1/- upwards in accordance
with our rules. All postages paid.

DAILY SETTLEMENTS.
WINNINGS BY RETURN.

NO LIMIT, WIN or PLACE
BEST PRICES on FUTURES

SAFETY FIRST!
ALFRED H. MAURICE
THE FOOTBALL ACCOUNTANT,
19, Bride Lane, London, E.C.4

NOTHING BARRED
IN SIX LEAGUES
Send at once for
CHALLENGER CREDIT COUPONS



DUNLOP CYCLE TYRES

mean maximum efficiency
and durability at minimum
cost-per-mile

*fit Dunlop and
be satisfied*

DUNLOP RUBBER CO. LTD.,
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Branches throughout the World

STOP INDIGESTION WHERE IT BEGINS

Far better than relieving indigestion troubles as they come along is to remove their cause and keep free from this harrowing complaint altogether. Even the worst sufferers can avoid indigestion by taking a little 'Bisurated' Magnesia in water after meals, because this neutralises excess acidity, prevents fermentation, and makes indigestion impossible. But 'Bisurated' Magnesia does more than this; it soothes, heals and protects the onflamed stomach lining, and that is why it is recommended by doctors and used in hospitals. 'Bisurated' Magnesia is sold by all chemists in both powder and tablet forms at 1s. 3d. If you suffer with indigestion, get a package and take a little after meals. Like thousands of other one-time sufferers, you will find that relief is immediate, no matter how severe the attack may be, or whether the trouble is one of long standing.



THE TOTALISATOR

Established May, 1920.

STARTING PRICE GUARANTEED
GREAT METROPOLITAN.
CITY & SUBURBAN.

Third Pools, Singles and the
Double Event close April 16.

2,000 GUINEAS
1,000 GUINEAS

Third Pools, Singles and the
Double Event close April 18.

Send a postcard for full particulars. Rules.
List of Anti-Pool Pools, Football Lists, etc.

THE TOTALISATOR,
St. Andrew Square, EDINBURGH.

LAST 7 DAYS

SALE OF TICKETS
CLOSES 23rd APRIL.

14 extra days after
above date allowed
for competitors to
send in entries.

£15,000
in Cash Prizes
Guaranteed

1st - £10,000
2nd - £2,000
3rd - £1,000
4th - £500

and over 300
OTHER PRIZES
from £500 downwards

The 1st Prize of £10,000
is being provided in cash
through the contributions
of nine famous firms.
The whole prize money
of £15,000 is guaranteed.



in a few weeks' time!

and see your dreams come true. £10,000, the first prize in The "Character" Ballot, is within YOUR grasp and in a few weeks someone HAS GOT TO WIN this fabulous sum. But HURRY—HURRY—only 7 days left to buy your tickets (see closing date above). Send the order form to-day—before you forget. Over 300 prizes to be won—ALL GUARANTEED. BE QUICK!

The "Character" Ballot

TICKETS

only 2/6 each

(5 for 10/-)

364, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1.

In aid of the Variety Artists' Benevolent Fund
and the Cinematograph Trade Benevolent Fund.

A charming Sterling Silver Mascot Free will be sent
you for luck if you use 10/- worth of tickets.

POST THIS ORDER FORM TO-DAY

The "Character" Ballot, 364, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1 (Comp.).

Please send me

tickets for the "Character" Ballot at 2/6 each, for which I enclose

£..... and stamped (1d.) addressed envelope.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

J.B. 164.

*Cheques and P.O.'s should be crossed " & Co." and made payable to "The Character Ballot."



SEA-VITOID TABLETS

Trade Mark.
The new Vitamin-Seaweed tonic tablets. Based on the highly scientific principle of blood and nerve nourishment. They contain in their natural state all the elements essential for good health, such as Nitrogen, Potassium, Vitamins, Iron, Iodides, Calcium etc., but no injurious drugs.

GUARANTEED TO RELIEVE

Headache, Indigestion, Neuralgia	5 minutes.
Flatulence, Out-of-Order Stomach	10 "
Biliousness, Liver Giddiness	15 "
Depression, Nerves, All Pains	15 "
Tired Feeling, Lack of Energy	15 "
Colds, Influenza, Fever	overnight
Constipation, Sleeplessness	"
Rheumatism, Gout, Neuritis	quickly.
Anemia, Skin Blemishes	"

ANTIDOTE FOR GOITRE.
POWERFUL VITALISER.
REFRESHING REJUVENATOR.
MAKES YOU BRISK AND HAPPY.

FREE Send post card for free treatise on the various ailments which respond to the seaweed treatment. Also booklet, "Seaweed and its Story," by Dr. W. J. Mellish, D.Sc., Ph.D.

OUR GUARANTEE!

We cannot, nor have we any desire to assume that the seaweed treatment will cure in every case, but we are sure that in a very large percentage of cases there will be a marked improvement in the general health. All we ask of you is to obtain a 1/3 packet of Sea-Vitoids from your chemist or by post, take the entire contents as directed, and if you are not thoroughly satisfied with the beneficial results, post us the bottle, and we will immediately refund your money and ask no questions!

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2

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You can have a 1927 Gold Medal Quadrant Cycle on 14 Days' Approval, Packed Free and Carriage Paid. Deposit gets immediate delivery. Thousands of testimonials. Write for our Free Lists and see the enormous saving in cash and easy payment terms.

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DERBY COVENTRY

BAD LEGS CURED

IN YOUR OWN HOME.

NO RESTING.

NO OPERATIONS.

NO RELAPSE.

Why suffer with your bad leg? Why endure the throbbing, burning, aching, and stabbing pain that makes your life a burden and a misery? If you cannot rest, if you cannot sleep, if you cannot work, and if you are continually in pain, you cannot enjoy life as you should. But—You are not doomed to suffer! Even now you are suffering needlessly. Tremol Treatment has cured others, and it will banish your pain. Thousands who suffered just as you are suffering to-day are now cured by the Tremol System of Treatment, and delivered from the bondage of pain.

ARE THESE YOUR SYMPTOMS?

IS YOUR LEG PAINFUL?

Bad legs cause terrible pain. With open wounds, sores or ulcers the agony is intense. The flesh is drawn and tight. Twitching and shooting pains make the leg throb and burn. Rest is impossible. When the leg is red and itchy, sufferers could "scratch it to pieces." If it is inflamed and weeping, the leg smarts and burns. Heavy, tired, and aching limbs from Varicose Veins compel sufferers to lie up in bed frequently. Stiff, swollen joints stab like needles, and quick movement causes the leg to give way with stinging pain. And so it is with all bad leg sufferers. Pain! Pain! Robbing life of all pleasure, condemning the sufferer to unending misery.

IS THERE AN OPEN WOUND, SORE OR ULCER?

An open wound, sore, or ulcer usually develops from a knock, from varicose veins, a pimple, or a scratch. In the majority of cases the wound is surrounded by inflammation and complicated by varicose veins. A terrific gnawing agony afflicts the sufferers day and night. They cannot sleep. They must nurse the leg continually. If you suffer in this way you can be cured as thousands already have been cured by Tremol Treatment.

IS YOUR LEG INFLAMED WITH ECZEMA?

Red, burning inflammation causes intense irritation and smarting pain. The leg may be hot and fiery. Innumerable scales form. Sufferers know neither comfort nor peace. Under Tremol Treatment all skin inflammation passes away and your leg is made sound and well.

HAVE YOU PAINFUL AND SWOLLEN JOINTS?

Severe pains shoot through the joints when they are stiff and swollen. Walking and free movement is painful and difficult. Sufferers cannot follow their occupations. In these cases, Tremol achieves brilliant results when all other treatments have failed. Every sufferer from painful joints should get Tremol Treatment without delay!

NOTE THESE POINTS.

Tremol Conquers Bad Legs

WHEN OPERATIONS HAVE FAILED.
WHEN OINTMENTS HAVE FAILED.
WHEN RESTING HAS FAILED.
WHEN ALL OTHERS HAVE FAILED.

Tremol Conquers Bad Legs

WITHOUT RESTING.
WITHOUT OPERATION.
WITHOUT RELAPSE.
WITHOUT ABSENCE FROM WORK.
WITHOUT LOSS OF WAGES.

Tremol Conquers Bad Legs

WITH SOUND NEW SKIN.
WITH BETTER HEALTH.
WITH RAPIDITY.
WITH CERTAINTY.
WITH GRAND RESULTS.



VIEW OF NATIONAL INFIRMARY FOR BAD LEGS, BROUGHTON, MANCHESTER. THE ONLY INSTITUTION IN THE WORLD FOUNDED AND SOLELY DEVOTED TO THE CURE OF BAD LEGS.

HOW TREMOL CURES.

When doctors, hospitals, infirmaries, ointments, and all other treatments have failed to cure—TREMOL will cure you. Many thousands are already cured. Hundreds are being treated and cured to-day. Under Tremol Treatment ulcers and open wounds are cured with sound new skin. Varicose eczema, even when combined with varicose veins, disappears. Swelling is reduced. Stiff and painful joints become painless. Inflammation and irritation pass away. Pain is banished. Sleep is restored. Health is improved.

TREMOL IS YOUR OWN TREATMENT.

Why does Tremol conquer all leg troubles? Because every case receives individual attention. Your age, sex, weight, occupation, how long suffering, the nature of your bad leg, and all the factors affecting it are taken into account. The right treatment to bring about a lasting cure will be specially prescribed for you. You will be under special treatment until you are cured.

TREMOL CONQUERS BAD LEGS WITHOUT REST.

Resting cannot permanently cure bad legs. Tremol has abolished resting in bed. You can apply Tremol and be cured whilst you are working. No lying up. No loss of wages. Tremol cures without a moment's unnecessary rest.

TREMOL RESULTS ARE PERMANENT.

Thousands rejoice to-day in a good strong leg cured by Tremol. They have had no relapse. No return of their leg trouble. Think what permanency means to you. Better health! Renewed strength! Greater vigour! Your leg made strong and well.

AGE IS NO BAR TO A CURE.

Cases of ten, twenty, or thirty years' standing are cured as easily as cases of yesterday. Sufferers from sixty to eighty years of age and upwards are cured with the same certainty as sufferers of thirty. Their advancing years are made free from pain.

OUR FREE OFFER TO YOU!

No matter how long you have suffered, no matter how old you are, no matter where you live—our offer is for you. Fill in the coupon, send it to the NATIONAL INFIRMARY FOR BAD LEGS (WARD B.L.), GREAT CLOWES STREET, BROUGHTON, MANCHESTER, and without any charge or obligation whatever, you will receive full information about the great Tremol Treatment. Also you will have our expert advice on your leg trouble absolutely free. This astonishing offer is made to you and every bad leg sufferer by the Governors of the National Infirmary because they are determined that this widespread suffering must be banished from the land. Seize this wonderful opportunity now! Do not delay. Every consideration will be given to your case. To help you and to place the Tremol Treatment within your reach, the National Infirmary will send to you free of all charge

A LARGE ILLUSTRATED BOOK.

This book is full of sound information and advice to all Bad Leg Sufferers. Thousands praise the day they read this valuable book. It gave them the knowledge of how to get cured in their own homes, without loss of work, without painful operations, and without resting. Send for this valuable book at once. You will learn—How Open Wounds are Healed—How Varicose Ulcers are Healed—How Varicose Eczema is Relieved—How Inflammation and Scaliness of the Leg are Dispelled—The Right Method of Treatment for Varicose Veins—How Lasting Relief from Joint Trouble is Obtained—A Successful Treatment for Painful Swollen Knees—How Leg Swellings are Reduced—Why Rest is Unnecessary—Advantages of Individual Treatment—How Better Health is Gained—How Bad Legs are Cured Without Pain.

A LEGAL GUARANTEE.

No other institution in the world undertakes a legal guarantee like the National College of Health Ltd. and Infirmary for Bad Legs. They can do so because of their absolute and perfect confidence in the Tremol System of Treatment.

A LIST OF CASES CURED IN YOUR OWN DISTRICT.

No matter where you live, you will find neighbours cured by Tremol Treatment. Their names and addresses we will send to you to enable you to get first-hand personal knowledge of how Tremol Cures. Call and see your neighbours. Learn how they suffered. They are willing to help you. As they were cured so can you be cured.

THIS IS YOUR OPPORTUNITY TO GET CURED

DO YOU WANT YOUR LEG CURED?
SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY.

FREE COUPON

NATIONAL INFIRMARY FOR BAD LEGS
(WARD B.L.),
Great Clowes Street, Broughton, Manchester.

Please send me without charge or obligation your Valuable Book, Legal Guarantee, List of Cases, and all particulars as per your special offer.

Name.....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address.....

State Complaint.....

National College of Health, Ltd.

JOHN BULL Replies



THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

T. Y. (Plymouth).—"Truth is stranger than fiction." And rarer.

L. T. (Bristol).—"I want a good yard dog." Why not get a dachshund?

B. Y. (Aylesford).—"I must say I like lobster salad." Must you really?

P. L. (Iver).—"I couldn't contain myself." Was the sea so rough?

T. C. (Durham).—"I am obliged to cut this letter short." We are obliged, too.

K. D. (Sudbury).—"I know a lady architect." Is she a designing creature?

D. N. (Woburn).—"Men don't hide behind women's skirts." Neither do women.

N. E. (Brixton).—"I started life as a poor youth." All the rest of us had to start as babies.

G. M. (Southport).—"I'm proud of my ancestors." We hope your descendants will be, too.

T. Y. (Dover).—"She flung herself at his head." She probably knew he was a good catch.

F. N. (Aintree).—"I like watching sheepchases best." In comparison the other sort are flat.

P. T. (Tottenham).—"I sent you an article on the destruction of towns." Yes, it was rubbish.

J. Y. (Grimsby).—"Some roads round here are dreadful." The local authorities should mend their ways.

A. W. (Doncaster).—"I like short, bright, colourful fiction." Then look at your flower seed packets.

H. S. (Leybourn).—"I was a bright, intelligent boy." What went wrong? Couldn't you keep it up?

N. Y. (Bermondsey).—"I've invented a new vanishing trick." If you call, we'll ask you to show it to us.

F. B. (Dartford).—"I didn't enjoy the football match a bit." Why? Was the man next to you singing flat?

B. M. (Chelsea).—"I know what I'm writing about." We're glad of that. It's a mystery to everyone here.

D. N. (Barnsley).—"We haven't a good inside left in our team." Have the players been eating something which disagreed with them?

T. J. (Warwick).—"You can print this letter in full if you like." Yes, but we've got to think what our readers like.

G. N. (Leeds).—"When engaged in a contest a boxer should be ready to take advice." Seconds' thoughts are best.

H. M. (Wells).—"We've made up our quarrel and are to be married." Then you'll be able to start all over again.

J. L. (Ramsgate).—"Money should be subscribed to encourage our musical composers." A sort of fresh air fund.

B. Y. (Brentford).—"I always begin where other people leave off." Neht uoy fluohs evah on ytluclifid ni gnidaer slit.

G. M. (London, E.C.).—"I stood with my bare head on the football ground for two hours." What an extraordinary position.

G. M. (Epsom).—"The flat-racing season has commenced." Winners, however, are frequently disqualified because the landlord objects to children.

L. N. (Epping).—"I welcome my weekly salary." Come in, income!

M. L. (Buxton).—"The prisoner looked wretched." In fact, pinched.

N. J. S. (Norton).—"I said 'Get thee behind me, pain!' And got lumbago?"

M. S. J. (Liverpool).—"He broke his leg because you see the steps were broken." And he didn't.

E. M. (Newmarket).—"And I hope when I call I see you well." If you don't, try spectacles.

M. G. E. (Yarmouth).—"Half the wireless singers have very poor voices." But very good nerve.

B. T. (Thornhill).—"There's nobody quite like me in our family." Nature evidently relented.

G. W. R. (Paddington).—"Do you know me?" Not personally. But we've travelled on your line.

G. M. (London, W.).—"He may decide to leave me money and he may not." A matter of will or won't.

G. F. (Newmarket).—"I intend to sit quiet and let the rest of the world go by." Been investing in an old car?

B. T. (W.C.1).—"I can't understand why some actors appear on the stage at all." Salaries, dear sir, salaries.

M. Y. R. (Oxford).—"I was up before the magistrate." How do you know at what hour his worship arose?

"COMEDIAN" (Streatham).—"The producer came down in his car and ran over my part." Which part?

G. O. (Alva).—"It was in the last place I searched." Of course—you stopped searching when you found it.

M. S. F. (Bentham).—"I always tell my grandchildren to behave like ladies." Old-fashioned or new-fashioned ladies?

E. D. (Clapham).—"I thought I was going to die, but it was only a touch of indigestion." So you got the wind up?

E. R. V. (Shifnal).—"The man—evidently an artist—was sketching me." He may have been a designer of funny mugs.

W. N. E. (Maidstone).—"If you'll lend me a tanner I'll be for ever indebted to you." That's just why we won't lend it.

A. C. G. (Retford).—"Our present Premier is a great lover of rustic peace." Yet he doesn't seem in any hurry to go to the country.

H. B. (Dorchester).—"I'm afraid I've lost the thread of my argument." It doesn't really matter. We didn't cotton to it anyway.

E. B. R. (Folkestone).—"How can I secure a trombonist?" We suggest tying his hands behind his back, and then gagging him to make sure.

L. V. (Hampton Wick).—"Do you believe the doctor who says that girls will either have to give up shingling or go bald?" No—we believe they'll keep their present crop.

SHALL we co-operate? You are in trouble—let JOHN BULL'S Free Advice Service help you out of it. Tell us all about it, written in ink, send stamped, addressed envelope, and experts will combine with you and advise the course to take. It's worth doing!

J. E. O. (Halifax).—"Have you a pound to spare?" Closed down till 1977.

G. G. (Hornsey).—"I am a man who will always keep my word." Can't you get anybody else to take it?

K. H. B. (Bath).—"I don't care what happens." So long as it doesn't happen to you, of course.

P. R. M. (Anerley).—"It is the serious-minded girls who get on." And the others who get off.

I. T. C. (Woodside).—"My wife is at home in science, literature and art." But is she ever at home?

M. S. D. (Bury).—"He gives me a book every birthday." What a big library you must be getting.

C. R. (Guildford).—"Scientists say that eggs are full of vitamin D." Very likely. But most people would prefer *Bullets* "Easter Eggs"—they're full of vitamin L.S.D.

G. S. (Wapping).—"How can I get out of my engagement to the girl?" Marry her.

S. D. (Ramsgate).—"What is phonetic spelling?" The sort you got licked for as a kid.

H. D. R. (Southport).—"I need a change in the shape of the sea-side." What shape is that?

M. S. L. (Ravenstone).—"She is a very quiet girl about the house." Doesn't even disturb the dust we assume.

M. S. F. (Kew).—"Faith is the essential thing if you want to get a living." You won't find it much of a substitute for work.

M. S. G. (Holborn).—"Fashionable wedding-rings are very thin and narrow." Not built to last a lifetime like the old-fashioned sort.

M. J. (Shrewsbury).—"If the world is round, can I get to the West by going East?" Certainly. Taxi-drivers always go that way.

M. S. C. L. (Hornchurch).—"I wanted a boy, but my baby is a girl." Never mind; she can have an Eton crop, smoke and be a he-girl.

M. C. (Sidcup).—"I was saying good-night to my fiancée when her dog bit me." Perhaps he thought you were biting her and retaliated.

K. B. (Blackpool).—"I've just married a girl with whom I played chess." So she has now "mated" you.

W. H. (Lewisham).—"He wouldn't get out of the road, though I sounded my motor-horn twice." He evidently didn't care two hoots for your warning.

N. N. R. (Balham).—"The hotel bedroom window was very small." The proprietor was taking no chances.

Miss E. (Redruth).—"Although he's so much older than me there's something about him I like." And if you marry him you hope to have the spending of it.

J. J. (Rusholme).—"Sound ideals are vital if a nation is to be spiritually healthy." And sound vitals are ideal if a nation is to be physically healthy.

N. B. (Oxton).—"A man shouldn't object to courting a girl because she uses a lip-stick." But should take care to marry one who pushes the broom stick.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

Your Radio Set will be better with Mullard

THE MASTER VALVE



HAVE YOU A CRYSTAL SET?



We allow you £1 for it!

Why not exchange your crystal set for a Loud Speaker set? We need not emphasize the advantages—you know them! For three weeks only we will accept your old crystal (or valve) set in part exchange and allow you £1 for it!

More—the balance is payable by instalments of 20/- a month for twelve months only, commencing after you have had four weeks' free enjoyment of the set. Normal cash price is £12—part exchange price £11.

Nothing else to buy—The General Radio set includes everything—full size Loud Speaker, a pair of Headphones, 2 Dull Emitter Valves, Accumulator, 100-volt Battery, Aerial Equipment, and the Royalty is paid.

Installed free—It will be installed in your own home free of charge, by our own Engineers, wherever you may live in Great Britain.

General Radio sets are fully guaranteed and give full, powerful and pure Loud Speaker reception in any location.

SEND A POSTCARD TO-DAY for free Catalogue No. 5.B., and particulars of this crystal set offer

General Radio

GENERAL RADIO CO. LTD.
RADIO HOUSE, 235 REGENT STREET, W.1

Make your own Cigarette & see what you save. **ALWAYS USE A.G. CIGARETTE PAPER** BEST & PUREST

Should send
1½d. (postage
only) for a set
of beautifully
coloured post-
cards of
Cage Birds

F. CAPERN Bird Food Manufacturer
LEWINS MEAD BRISTOL

WHAT YOUR NERVES NEED

Neurasthenia is nothing more or less than exhaustion of the nervous system ; it means that the nerves are not receiving the nourishment they need. The causes of neurasthenia are varied, the chief among them being worry, continuous work — mental and physical — without adequate rest or holidays,* and without proper attention to diet or exercise.

The symptoms are over-sensitiveness, irritability, a tendency to worry over trifles, headache, a sense of impending disaster, and insomnia.

The treatment is one of nutrition of the nerve cells, and, as the nerves get their nourishment from the blood, the treatment must be directed towards building up the blood. Because Dr. Williams' pink pills act directly on the blood, purifying and enriching it, they have proved of the greatest benefit in many cases of neurasthenia. A course of Dr. Williams' pink pills will give new tone to the whole nervous system, and the result will quickly show in improved appetite, greater vitality, and new strength.

So begin Dr. Williams' pink pills now.
Of all chemists, 3s. 0d. box.

FREE.—Every nerve sufferer should write to C.F. Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1, for a free copy of the instructive treatise, "The Nerves' Needs." 

**IF RHEUMATIC
DISSOLVE THIS IN YOUR
MORNING TEA.**

Then watch the pains, aches, swellings, stiffness, and other misery disappear. They simply HAVE to go, says ALICE LANDLES, certified nurse.

Rheumatism can be caused in but one way. That is by acids and impurities in the blood. Chemical analysis and microscopic examination of the blood prove this beyond the possibility of doubt or argument, as any standard medical work will explain in detail. Of course, various conditions, such as exposure to cold and dampness, or committing certain errors of diet, can make rheumatism worse, but the primary cause always remains the same. Therefore, trying to get rid of rheumatism without ridding your blood and system of the acidulous impurities which directly cause this physical calamity, is exactly like trying to get rid of smoke without putting out the fire. Pain-causing and kidney-irritating uric acid is no different from any other acid in that *it must be neutralised by an alkaline liquid*. Nothing else can have just the same effect, this being an elementary principle of chemistry, of course. It naturally follows that to dissolve, neutralise and washout the rheumatic acids the liquids you drink must contain the necessary alkaline elements to be absorbed into the blood and act upon the acids. These elements are easily provided. Simply get a small supply of the refined Alkalia Saltrates compound from any chemist. As much of this as can be heaped on a sixpence should be dissolved in your tea, coffee, water, or other drink and taken every morning. No trace of any bitter, salty, sour, or other taste can possibly be detected. Also it cannot upset or irritate even the most delicate stomach. The only evidence that you are taking a medicine will be the plainly noticeable relief from rheumatic pain which it quickly produces. In each package of Alkalia Saltrates the refiners enclose an authoritative and extremely valuable treatise, giving useful diet hints and other interesting information for rheumatic sufferers.

SPECIAL NOTE.—We are informed by Saltrates, Ltd. (Dept. 246 A), Euston Buildings, London, N.W.1, who prepare a very high grade of Alkalin Saltrates, that during the next ten days they are willing, as an advertising offer, to supply anyone interested in the product, with a regular 1s. 9d. size packet free if applicant cares to send *stamps for the postage, packing, etc.*

"The Greatest of These"

Hateful Holidays

Poor Men who Crave the Blessing of Work

THERE would be little gaiety at Easter if those who lay down their tools for the long week-end could not look forward to a return to work. There are thousands of men and women in the country to whom holidays have become hateful simply because they seem to be never ending.

There is a man in South London who has been out of work since the general strike last year. He has a wife and six children, all under eleven years of age, dependent upon him. For months past he and his family have lived upon parish relief.

The poor man has watched his wife and children grow thin and pale through lack of proper nourishment. Through inability to pay the rent, he has been threatened with eviction. His last appeal to the guardians was met with the offer of the hospitality of the workhouse.

AT the eleventh hour an offer of work has come. He cannot, however, start on his job for another fortnight and money is needed to save his home.

There is another poor fellow who lost his employment through no fault of his own eleven weeks ago. His enforced holiday could not have come at a worse time, for his wife is expecting a child.

They live in humble circumstances—their rent is only 4s. 6d. a week—but without wages he has been unable to avoid running into debt. Work has been found for him, but he hasn't a decent pair of boots to wear.

ANOTHER case is that of a man in a provincial town who has been out of work since December. He has a wife and three children, but his desperate plight was unknown until enquiries were made as to why the little ones had stopped attending Sunday-school, when it was found they were all practically in rags.

These three cases with many others were helped last week from "The Greatest of These—" Fund. We earnestly beg all holiday-makers to spare a thought and just a little of their spending money to assist those who are in desperate poverty through enforced idleness.

Every penny subscribed will be devoted without reduction to the relief of distress.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

W. David, 6d.; Anon. (8. Africa), 5s.; Mr. V. M. Swift (Morecambe), 1s.; A. Well (Wish), 2s.; W. F. R. J., 5s.; Anon. (Falmouth), 2s. 6d.; 1s.; 6d.; E. O. E. W. (Merton), 2s. 6d.; Old Competitor (Brighton), 2s.; E. H. D., 6d.; Matt and Elsie, 9s. 8d.; W. Pettinger (Huddersfield), 6d.; Mrs. Claxton (Ilford), 3s.; Omar, 6d. Mr. W. J. Pearmain, £3; Mrs. E. Turner-Blackwood, £3; M. T., 6d.; A Good Boy, 5s.; B1302, 2s. 6d.; H. B., 1s.; A. B., 1s.; 6d.; 1s.; 6d.; K. B. M., 1s. 11d.; A Labourer, 2s. 6d.; Target, 3s. 6d.; Anon., 1s.; A Friend, 2s.; F. M. Burton (Bury), 1s. 4d.; Anon. (Portsmouth), 3s.; 1s. G. 6d.; Mrs. E. F. Kendall (Birmingham), 2s. 3d.; E. Giles, 2s.; J. C. 5s.; F. Scott, 6d.; E. W. 4s.; Mrs. E. M. Sharpe, £1; Mr. C. A. Howell, 10s.; Mrs. E. Hodgden, 2s. 6d.; Mother of Five, 1s. 6d.; W. Deane, 1s.; Little Mam, 2s. 6d.; Devon, 5s. One-Ninth, 1s.; C. O., 10s.; Arkroyd, 1s. 6d.; Mrs. L. Parkin, 4s.; Mr. T. Parkinson, 2s. 6d.; E. F. Williams (Frodsham), £3 3s.; T. H. (Bristol), 2s.; Miss J. Taylor (Peecham), 2s.; Mr. J. Beck (Bootle), 1s.; Mr. A. Bu-Gills, 10s.; Someone Who Longs to Help, 2s. 6d.; Friendly Heart, 2s.; P. 2s.; Kile, 2s.; Mrs. S. Swenson (Stafford), 1s.; Rayleigh, £1; R. Hizard (Barnet), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. V. G. Gallop, 1s.; Anti-Vivisectionist, 10s.; Mrs. V. 1s.; A Friend, 2s.; H. T., 5s.; Anon. (Harracote), 2s. 6d.; Rhoda and Jim, 2s.; A. Clarke, £1; Deep Feel, 10s.; Mr. Davies (Silvertown), £1; Mrs. M. Suttan (Cleethorpes), 5s.; Anon., 10s.; Miss A. C. Taylor (Dorchester), 1s.; Mrs. E. Thorpe (St. Albans), 2s. 6d.; H. B., 1s.; H. B. (Cwm), 2s. 1s.; A. Heart (Droxford), 1s. 11d.; H. C. (Wenden Town), 5s.; F. Ford (Swngon), 10s.; A Nigh (Gwerfry), 5d.; A Sympathiser in Devon, 2s.; Edna, 10s.; W. E. W., 1s.; K. B. (Staveley), 1s. 6d.; R. Ward (Manchester), 6d.; A Well Wisher (Dundee), 10s.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; E. E. (Medinahat), 10s.

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Evedton (Edinburgh), 41s.; Mr. H. A. Grimsby,
1s.; Bonnie, 3d.; Mrs. Blakey, 1s. 6d.
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R. W. Jacob, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. N. Crowe, 2s. 6d.; Mr.
John Davies, 1s.; J. H. (Southend), 1s.; This and
That (Barry), 5s.; Mrs. L. Needham, 1s.; G. B.
(Searforth), 2s. 6d.; H. G. 1s.; C. M. (Gloucester-
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2s. 6d.; A. J. Brnckn (Worthington), 1s. 6d.;
Mrs. Saunders (Snodland), 2s. 6d.; L. Dawson
(Sneath), 5s.; W. B. (Liverpool), 2s.; B. (Brix-
ton), 6d.; Crouch Hill, 1s.; C. Pittam (Walling-
ford), 1s.; N. F. (Sinetawick), 1s.; Mr. Fred
Booth (Stamforth), 2s. 6d.; W. G. (Partick), 5s.;
C. O. (Derby), 1s.; Bilind Widow (Stockton-on-
Tees), 6d.; Grater (Heart), 2s.; For Luck, 1s.;
W. B. (Edinburgh), 10s.; Anon. 5s.; K. 6s.
10s.; F. H. (Bhm), 2s. 6d.; 37 C. B. 2s. 6d.;
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3s. 6d.; Mr. T. Stratford-Worboys, 2s. 6d.; J.
Bailey (Portsmouth), 5s.; A Reader (Thrumpton),
1s.; C. Ifill (Bedcar-by-Sea), 2s. 6d.; Old Mac
(Longridge), 3s.; Mr. S. Barclay (Hockley), 1s.;
One Grateful For Her Blossoms, 2s. 6d.; Scotty
(Hockley), 1s.; A Widow's Mite, 1s.; Rev. John
Howard James (10s.); For ever another, 5s.; Ad-
miral, 1s.; Edna (Ectwood), 6d.; J. C. Challinor,
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1s.; H. B. (Bournemouth), 2s. 6d.; Widow (Coven-
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6d.; Anon. (Worcester), 6d.; M. Keeley, 1s.;
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Mord. 6d.; Mrs. J. Thomson (Glasgow). 1s.; A
Well Wisher. 6d.; Mrs. Acocok (Bournemouth).
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(Aps). 2s.; B. B. 6d.; H. D. Heslop (Waltham-
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Inasmuch (Stockport). 6d.; Mr. A. Wat-
son (Cossall). 2s.; Thanksgiving. 5s.; J. D.
(Grosvenor). 7s. 6d.; A. K. (Ashton-u.-Lynn). 10s.;
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H. (Tipton-on-Severn). 6d.; Sgt. of the Boys'
Brigade. 1s.; A. N. W. (Frome). 1s.; Poult's
Little Help. 3s.; Mackey (Leith). 7s. 6d.;
J. T. Francis (Swindon). 6d.; E. Timms. 10s.;
Hearts. 1s.; Jay Cox (Hull). 2s.; Elizabeth
(Newport, Mon.). 1s.; A Friend (Bradford). 1s.;
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Becton (Hopton). 4s.; Bullets Hammer. 2s. 6d.;
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Mother of Elgie (Poole). 1s.; E. H. H. (South-
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 Worlington, 2s. 6d.; W. W., 2s.; Rodheath, 1s.
 K. E. Boz, 2s. 6d.; Sunny Floxex (Enfield)
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 R. Hawker, 2s. 6d.; Jessie Southwell (Harlow),
 6d.; Mr. W. H. Daniels (Redditch), 1s. 6d.; Mr.
 J. Mellor (Longsight), 2s.; Mr. W. Johnson,
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 Exonion, 1s.; King's Norton, 2s. 6d.; June's
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 Dose (Fulham), 2s. 6d.; Commission 9th Foot
 Inc), 6s.; Ever Grateful, 2s.; J. N. and E. S.,
 1s.; Mr. F. J. Bryant (Corsham), 6s. 7d.; Mr. N.
 Bevan (Vindelo), 1s.; Tepest (Accrington), 1s.;
 J. E. N. (Bockington), 10s.; A. V. P., 2s. 6d.;
 Aunty's Ninth, 3s. 6d.; Fred Burn, 1s. 11d.;
 F. H. H. (Southend), 1s.; R. N. W., 2s.;

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.

APRIL 16, 1927

AN EASY WAY TO MAKE HAIR GROW

If your hair is scanty, lifeless and falls out, or is of poor colour and dull looking, it is a clear indication that insufficient nourishment is reaching the hair—that the roots are underfed and obstructed by dandruff. In such cases you should at once start massaging the scalp nightly with Lavona Hair Tonic, because it is the only preparation containing the secret ingredient which not only destroys dandruff, but also feeds the hair-roots, and thus promotes a new growth of soft, rich-toned, gleaming hair. Get a 1s. 6d. bottle from your chemist to-day—one of the fragrant Lavona Shampoos is enclosed free; begin to-night, and you'll soon notice a delightful improvement, and be the happy possessor of abundant, lustrous hair that everyone admires—your purchase money will be refunded if Lavona disappoints you. If you want to grow your hair again Lavona Hair Tonic will help you with amazing results.

10 SHAVES FREE

Simply insert name and address on the free coupon in the Palmolive advertisement on page 27, and post to: The Palmolive Company (of England), Ltd., Dept. S.C., 21/23, Eagle Street, London, W.C.1. Please write name clearly. Mention "Joan Roll".

ADANA AUTOMATIC SELF-INKING PRINTING MACHINE

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EASTER EGGS THIS WEEK!

First Prize Huge Easter Egg of **£500**

Easter Egg of **£50**

Easter Egg of **£10**

Easter Egg of **£15**

Easter Egg of **£25**

10 EASTER EGGS OF **£5**

10 EASTER EGGS OF **£4**

25 EASTER EGGS OF **£3**

50 EASTER EGGS OF **£2**

200 Prizes of **2/6**

100 Easter Eggs of **ONE GUINEA**

200 Easter Eggs of **HALF GUINEA**

12,000 TARGET PRIZES

100 'BULLETS' EASTER GIFTS!

Canteens of Cutlery 45/Cameras, Ladies' Gold Wrist Watches 42/Cricket Bats, Bales of Blankets & Sheets, Portable Gramophones Etc. Etc.

CHOOSE YOUR OWN PRIZE!

Prizes that Surprise

SIX HUNDRED competitors have already won *Bullets* Gifts, and not one of this huge number has anything but praise for the prize received.

Satisfied competitors—that is the secret of *Bullets* success. *Bullets* Gifts are swelling the volume of satisfaction every week and doubling our post-bag.

Some winners' letters express surprise at the superb quality of *Bullets* Gifts. Others with previous experience of *Bullets* prizes knew what to expect. "I've had *Bullets* prizes before, but this Gift is even better than I anticipated" is the dual tribute they pay to *Bullets* methods.

More Opinions

Here are just a few opinions from those who are best able to form an opinion of *Bullets* Gifts.

"The excellence and variety of *Bullets* Gifts makes me eager for more like the Mahogany 8-day Clock which I selected."

"I am highly delighted with the attractive and useful Waterbury Dress Watch. This is the first occasion I have won more than a 'Target' Prize."

"Sincere thanks for the Portable Gramophone. Everyone who has seen or heard it is asking me for hints on making *Bullets*."

"The Tea Service arrived in perfect condition. If all the Gifts are as good as this one, I shall keep on at *Bullets* until I win one of each!"

Send for the new *Bullets* Gift Booklet and see which Prize you want most.

500 Opportunities

We want 500 good *Bullets* for the five hundred "Easter Eggs" we are offering this week. £500 heads this wonderful prize-list, and there are scores of other substantial cheques to be won. Easter holidays bring you many hours of leisure—one of those hours spent on *Bullets* may bring you a big cash prize. Be quick—this offer closes in a few days' time.

Watch "Bullets!"

Though the result of the "Ideal Home" contest has only just been published, another huge *Bullets* Offer is speedily approaching. Read the interview with last week's First Prize-winner published elsewhere in this issue—then make up your mind to follow his example and make the next huge prize yours!

The original cheque for £500 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" Competition No. 631 will be shown in the window of Mr. T. F. Hendra, 120, Newington Road, Southfields, S.W.

A poster to the Competition Editor will bring you an illustrated booklet of "Bullets" Gifts. A selection of these new Prizes is being displayed at the "John Bull" Post Office, Cannon Street Station Approach, London, E.C.

Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 634

WHEN THE BUGLE CALLS
CHINESE WARFARE
FRIEND IN NEED
FOOLISH MOVE
WITHOUT A PENNY
HER FANCY
I'D LIKE TO BE
WORTH A FORTUNE
ROCKING
HER FREEDOM
MAKES ME ANGRY
NEVER SATISFIED
SON AND HEIR
GOING WEST
TREAT FOR FATHER
ABSENT
WHAT THE HOUSE-AGENT SAID
NO TROUBLE
WAY OF A WOMAN
FOR ALL
WHY HE WAITED
LAST TIME
KNOWING
A CUCKOO
GOING FOR HER
SAID TO THE WAITER
DESERVES TO WIN
COOLLY
A GOOD DEAL
RIDICULOUS
VILLAGE DANCE
WHAT IS A BILL?

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best *Bullet* received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each Coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL, and crossed and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor undertakes that every *Bullet* received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press are not eligible to compete.

SPECIAL NEWSPAPER PRIZES.

Coupons for 6d., 1s., and 2s. respectively will be paid to the newspapers from whom the winners of the three chief "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 634 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"

THERE is nothing difficult about *Bullets*. All you have to do is this. Select any of the Examples below—then give any TWO, THREE, or FOUR words with some bearing upon it. These specimens will guide you:—

Example:—BAD BOY
Example:—WIRELESS PROGRAMMES
Example:—WRONG WAY

Bullet:—"GETS IT" FROM FATHER.
Bullet:—WORLD TO THE BLIND.
Bullet:—ABOUT—ARMAMENTS REDUCING NATIONS.

ENCLOSE A POSTAL ORDER AT THE RATE OF 6D. FOR EACH COUPON USED.

Address Coupons to "Bullets" No. 634, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, April 21.

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(634) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.

Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, April 21.

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(634) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.

Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, April 21.

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(634) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, April 21.

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(634) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.

Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 635.

WINSTON'S MISTAKE—LIFE'S SUNSHINE—TOO MUCH WORK—WHAT SHE DIDN'T SAY—FIRST WEEK—RACE FOR SUCCESS—WHAT THE GARDENER SAID—GAREFULLY—MY HOBBY—ENJOYING HERSELF—SAID TO THE PARSON—LIKE OLD TIMES—VOICE OF LONGING—WITH RELIEF—A SAXOPHONE—IF I WERE PRINCE—THE SOCIAL LADDER—NONSENSE—A GOOD THING—WHAT IS A RASE?

These examples can be made use of on the Coupons above, and must reach us on or before THURSDAY, APRIL 20th. All Coupons so used MUST be marked clearly with the number 635 in the top left-hand corner and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. 635, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.). Such Coupons must not contain any of the Examples for Competition No. 634.

The Result of "Bullets" Competition No. 132 (£1,000 offer), will appear next week.

Ruptured?—

Throw Away Your Truss!

For Many Years We Have Been Telling You That No Truss Will Ever Help You—We Have Told You the Harm That Trusses Are Doing—We Have Told You That the Only Truly Comfortable and Scientific Device for Holding Rupture is the Brooks Rupture Appliance—and That It Is

Sent on Trial to Prove It.

If you have tried almost everything else, come to us. Where others fail is where we have our greatest success. Send the attached coupon to-day, and we will send you free our illustrated book on Rupture and its cure, showing our Appliance and giving you prices and names of many people who have tried it and were cured. It is instant relief when all others fail. Remember, we use no salves, no harness, no lies.

We send it on trial to prove that what we say is true. You are the judge, and once having seen our illustrated book and read it, you will be as enthusiastic as our hundreds of patients whose letters you can also read. Fill in the free coupon below, and post it to-day. It is well worth your time, whether you try our Appliance or not.

**Don't take our word for it—
Read what these people say:**

Well Adapted for the Purpose.

Glenicle, Staffin, Skye.

I feel it my duty to write to you to say what great benefit I have derived from wearing it. It is so comfortable and so well adapted for the purpose that one is not conscious of the fact that he is actually wearing a belt.

I have found it so excellent in every way that I procured similar belts for several friends, and they are all loud in their praises of it, and, like myself, they will continue to use it.

You are quite at liberty to use both my testimonial and name, and I shall always recommend your Appliance to any one who I know is in need of such, as your Appliance deserves every praise.—I remain, yours faithfully,

ALEX. M'LEOD.

Cured in 7 Months.

Lissett, Lowthorpe, E. Yorks.

I am completely cured, and have not worn your Appliance for a year. I have been in the Army eight months, and have not felt my rupture, so I can truly say that after wearing your Appliance for seven months I am completely cured. I have advised my friends who have the same trouble to try the same. You may use this as you like.—Thanking you for my cure, yours truly,

HARRY MARSHALL.

Boy Cured—also Grandfather, 81.

Gaugh, Cabrach, by Rhynie, Banffs.

I must say your Appliance has proved the greatest comfort to our boy. He is perfectly cured, and does not need it now, and we cannot thank you enough. Also, his grandfather, 81, is cured, and can also do without the Appliance. You can use this as a testimonial.

ALEX. GORDON.



From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance. Mr. Brooks cured himself of rupture over 30 years ago, and patented the Appliance from his personal experience. If ruptured, write to-day.

Comfortable and Happy—Cured.

Jura Forest, Jura, Argyll.

Dear Sir,—I am writing to let you know how comfortable and happy I have been ever since I started to wear your wonderful Appliance. I can get about my work without the least inconvenience; and when I think of what I suffered whilst wearing a truss, I cannot speak too highly of your excellent invention. I am now completely cured.

You have my permission to use my letter, and I should be very pleased if it should be the means of helping to convince any poor sufferer of the benefit and comfort to be derived through wearing your Appliance.

(Mrs.) DUNCAN CARMICHAEL.

Made a New Woman of Me.

127, Manchester Road, Clifton, Manchester.

Can honestly say the Appliance has made a new woman of me, as I have not been troubled by my rupture since wearing it. It has acted like a miracle, as I had no pleasure in life, and only wish I had sent for it earlier. Will strongly recommend it. My friend also finds it a wonderful invention. We thank you with all our hearts for easing our suffering. Make whatever use you like of this letter.

(Mrs.) E. VALENTINE.

Straightforward Dealing.

Ashley Grange, Bellshill, Lanarkshire.

Having worn your Appliance for 14 months, I think it my duty to acknowledge that it has given great satisfaction. It causes no pain or inconvenience, and I would not be without it. I can do my work with ease. I must thank you for the kindness and straightforward manner you dealt with me. Shall do all in my power to recommend you to friends around me who suffer from rupture. You can make what use you like of my letter, and I shall be only too pleased to answer any letters from those who would like to know about the Appliance.

A. BROWN.

Ten Reasons Why

**You Should Send for
Brooks Rupture Appliance.**

1. It is absolutely the only Appliance of the kind on the market to-day, and in it are embodied the principles that inventors have sought after for years.

2. The Appliance for retaining the rupture cannot be thrown out of position.

3. Being an air cushion of soft rubber, it clings closely to the body, yet never blisters or causes irritation.

4. Unlike the ordinary so-called pads used in other trusses, it is not cumbersome or ungainly.

5. It is small, soft, and pliable, and positively cannot be detected through the clothing.

6. The soft, pliable bands holding the Appliance do not give one the unpleasant sensation of wearing a harness.

7. There is nothing about it to get foul, and when it becomes soiled it can be washed without injuring it in the least.

8. There are no metal springs in the Appliance to torture one by cutting and bruising the flesh.

9. All of the material of which the Appliances are made is of the very best that money can buy, making it a durable and safe Appliance to wear.

10. Our reputation for honesty and fair dealing is so thoroughly established by an experience of over thirty years of dealing with the public, and our prices are so reasonable, our terms so fair, that there certainly should be no hesitancy in sending the free coupon to-day.

Please remember we send our Appliance on Trial to prove what we say is true. You are to be the judge. Fill in the free coupon below and post it to-day.

Free Information Coupon.

Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (387K), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. 2

Please send me by post in plain wrapper your Illustrated Book and full information about your Appliance for the cure of rupture.

NAME

ADDRESS

(Please write plainly)